VOGUE

75¢
AUG.15

FASHION THAT GOES ALL THE WAY WITH CHARM...

VELVETS, LACE,
THE WORKS

THE WELL-KEPT FOOT

HOW TO HAVE IT...
WHAT IT MEANS TO
HEALTH AND BEAUTY

CRISIS

HOW TO
TAKE IT...
HOW TO
HANDLE IT



Designers say, "What goes up must come down..."

J. HYDE CRAWFORD



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BONWIT TELLER



We say, "Legs should be



seen and not hid." Hanes



VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Blanket plaid. Not at all horsy in our dress with muffled jacketing.

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AUGUST 15, 1968

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENATI

COVER: A California turnout that goes all the way with charm—chain-held cape and skirt of bright-navy-and-claret plaid double-faced in navy; navy wool crêpe turtleneck. Lauren Hutton wears it—with an Indian-summer glow on her face: Countess Isserlyn Makeup No. 98 plus Tawny Blende contour rouge and a gilding of Antigua Coral lipstick—Alexandra de Markoff's golden ideas. Turnout (shown again, page 66): Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture; Brendan double-faced wool loomed in America. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Miller & Rhoads; Halle Bros.; Harold's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Van Cleef & Arpels chains. Alan of Kenneth coiffure.

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COOPER COUTURE

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SALUTES

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Harold
MINNEAPOLIS
SALUTES

CHARLES COOPER
for
COOPER COUTURE

Tweed turnout, sunset colours with grey—
the new direction for Autumn '68. Shaped and
swinging coat covers its own grey flannel dress.



Gams-manship

Play it to the hilt
in new panty hose of
CANTRECE®
NYLON
Cantrece*.
It might as well be skin.

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Better things for better living. . .through chemistry

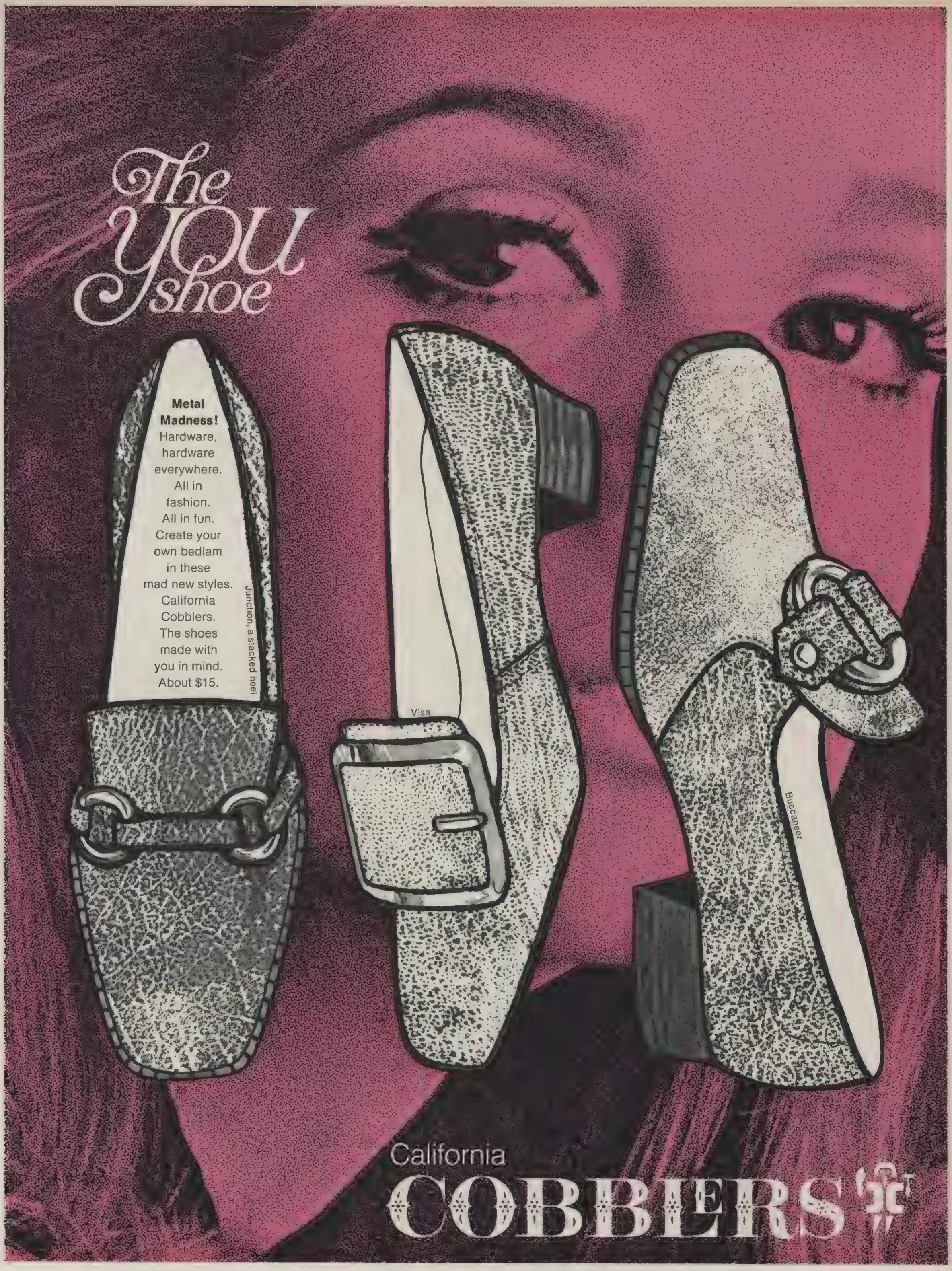
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Erlebacher
WASHINGTON, D.C.

SALUTES

CHARLES COOPER
for
COOPER COUTURE

The greatcape — opulently outlined with lynx.
Turtleshirt and triangle skirt complete The Look.
All in fawn melton.



Cobblers, Inc., —V, 1212 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90021

THE Nebraska

SALUTES

CHARLES COOPER
for
COOPER COUTURE



Tweed for an evening fantasie. The coat, lavished with ostrich and natural guinea-hen feathers worn over matching Jasco jersey dress. (Feather wig for flights of fancy only.)

POLLY BERGEN TALKS TURTLE

"I have an ugly friend



who's done wonders for my skin. A turtle. And if you have dry skin, don't wait as long as I did to find out about her.



"Maybe you already know what today's smoggy climate, indoor heat, outdoor living, and rush-rush pace can do to your skin. Age it. Dry it out early. I know, too. For years I'd wake up every morning with a face crackling-dry.



"Then I found Oil of the Turtle. First thing that ever worked for me—and lasted. Why? Although it's a rich and potent natural lubricant, it is lapped up quickly and easily by your skin. No grease. No parched feeling later!

"I formulated Oil of the Turtle in a pink foam moisturizer first. Then, because dry skin never quits, I put that same wonderful help into a basic series of dry skin treatments. All designed for my kind of busy life. All quick, simple, effective, and fun.



"The point is, you don't need a lot of rigamarole to get ahead of dry skin. You just need an ugly friend. Try mine."

POLLY BERGEN

Oil of the Turtle

Foam Moisturizer
Cream Moisturizer
Night Concentrate
Deep Cleansing Foam
Freshener • Scrub
Deep Sea Bath Treatment
Deep Sea Soap

at America's finest stores

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The sparkling blonde

Her hair is the palest—either by nature or by chemistry—and its dazzle is undeniable. But enter possible villains: tinges of red, yellow, brassiness. Away with them now, as we get the news from Roux—their latest Fanci-full rinse called ultra White Minx that demolishes these disturbances instantly, and gives the hair a sparkling tone of clear pearly whiteness. For those pale blondes who may have found that previous brass-removers leave them looking a little too smoky-blue, or too dark, this one doesn't—it plans to turn you towhead. Also a great sparkle agent for prematurely-greys, or for streaked hair—the lightened sections suddenly become more dramatic. All temporary, of course; like all Fanci-full rinses, this goes on after a shampoo, stays on, works as toner, conditioner, setting lotion. When it's time to un-sparkle—is it ever?—it washes out completely. . . .

New way to play the waiting game

It's the times you haven't anything to do when that tight muscle in your neck makes its presence known: like standing in line or going from here to there in vehicle. And it's then you can't do a thing about it. Except, perhaps, keep Stimulant in your handbag or briefcase. A battery-operated vibrator, it's designed for mobility: small, narrow, compact. Twist the base and strong, steady vibrations turn on to soothe and relax stiffness just about anywhere you feel it—shoulders, arms, feet. As a facializer, it works in creams and lotions, picks up circulation. As a tranquillizer, it eases the waiting times.

Your future, clarified

There's a paradox to the young-skin syndrome. In one respect it's as desirable as a windfall: the softness, the smoothness, the natural glow. In another it may be as unpleasant as the surtax: bumps, oil, et cetera. So it's nice to know that Viviane Woodard, with a clear head about the whole thing, designed a medicated line to aid and abet the former, dissuade and *nyet* the latter. Called Clear Future, it encompasses everything from cleanser to moisturizer for oily *or* normal-to-dry skins; plus a clear complexion bar, a cover cream, and six shades of make-up. Six lip tints have been especially designed to complete the line. All the now-est of colours. Look under the W's in your phone directory for Woodard, Viviane . . . and your skin's future may be clarified. (More Ready Beauty, page 148.)

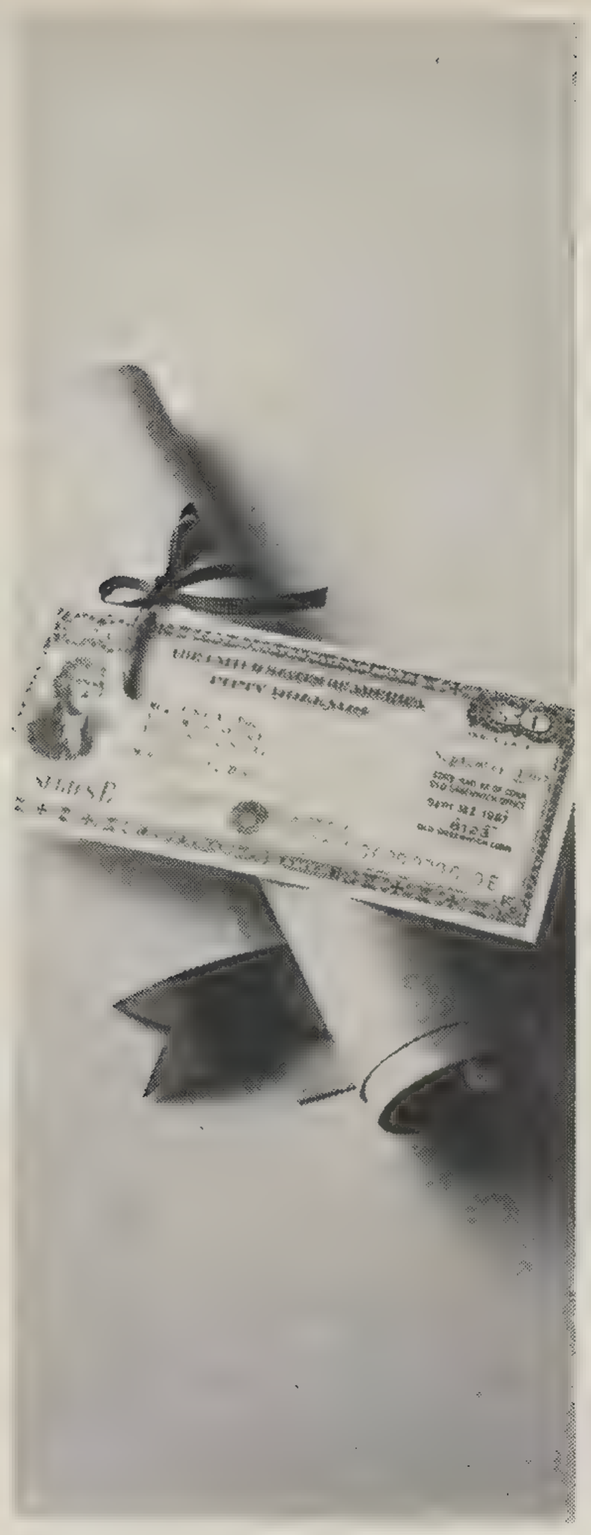
Bramson

SALUTES

CHARLES COOPER
for
COOPER COUTURE



Snowflake wool coat buckled in icy diamonds with to-the-floor dress of wool knit that's turtlenecked, slinked with more ice. Both in white.



Star-spangled sheepskin.

How do you put aside enough money to put a child through college? Like this: join the Payroll Savings Plan or Bond-a-Month Plan where you bank. When graduation day comes, you may not see the stars spangled over the sheepskin, but you'll know they are there. Because the Bonds that grew enough in interest to pay for college also helped your Uncle Sam. Buy Bonds — help your country as you help yourself.

New Freedom Shares

Bonus opportunity for people who buy Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan or Bond-a-Month Plan — a new U.S. Savings Note called Freedom Shares. It pays a higher rate of interest and matures faster. Get all the facts where you work or bank.

U.S. Savings Bonds, new Freedom Shares

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

August 15

Girth-shaking news

"Ordering the Skinny Shakes. Count you in?" . . . "It's hungry out. Where *are* those Skinnys?" . . . That's a new kind of conversation sounding through the corridor buzz and typewriter clang of offices around midtown New York. In fact, even in the somewhat Spartan quarters of this magazine there is hardly a time of day when at least one telephone is not being employed to summon up a Skinny. It's an extra-thick, creamy frosted that thrills the throat and palate like nothing since you last met up with a Good Humor man. Yet a whole half quart of the darling is said to add up to only 88 calories. Part of its lure, in addition to deliciousness, may be that it seems a sinful way to reduce. "You're eating something—a shake—that you thought you couldn't eat in good conscience since the day you started getting fat," this from a lately plump creature, now diminishing happily with not a hunger pang involved. . . . We called on Mr. Irving Sinowitz, big wheel in Peter Pan, the New York coffee shops who sell it—60c at counter, 70c delivered to your desk (or frozen for homegoing, and for weekend Skinny binges). Mr. Sinowitz said he acquired the idea three summers ago when his wife, seeking a magic beverage that would be at once deliriously filling and fantastically low-caloried, came up with a recipe she thought did the job. He thought it did, too, if it could achieve a more attractive consistency. Available blenders turned it out too thin, too skim-milky, so they developed a machine to make it lusciously thick. Chocolate, orange, fruit, and coffee are the flavour choices, and Alba fat-free dry milk and low-calorie sweeteners seem to be part of the act. We didn't strike up the nerve to ask for exact recipes since Peter Pan is now engaged in franchising them, plus the special equipment, to interested restaurants all over. Mr. Sinowitz mentioned that his two teen-age daughters had both lost weight because now they have nothing but Skinny Shakes after dinner. "It takes them an evening to get through one shake, which saves us considerable money on dessert, potato chips and such. My wife looks pretty good, too."

Raspberry? Strawberry? Cherry?

Among the folks who've exclaimed to us about their fondness for a certain soap, there is an area of disagreement about its aroma. "Raspberries," mused an English fan. "Strawberries," suggested an American. Then along came Vidal Sassoon, hairdresser extraordinaire. "I like it," he stated unequivocally about the soap, "not only for the way it leaves the skin, but because it smells like cherries." . . . Well. Whatever patch or orchard inspired this soap, it is, in fact, no soap. It is Amino-Pon Beauty Bar, a rosy hunk of cleanser that claims a perfect pH (that's the magic abbreviation that has to do with the acid-alkaline balance of your skin). . . . Youthkeeping is the objective of many products of the Redken Laboratories, a groovy California combo of beauty brains whose unusual offerings are sold through salons only. And perhaps being sold more and more right now thanks to the near fanatical enthusiasm of Mr. Sassoon, who might just possibly have caught onto them due to this fact of history: his wife, Beverly Adams, won some six years ago a high school beauty contest. Prize was a year's supply of Redken products, and Mrs. Sassoon fell delightedly into Redken thralldom. What she might have to hide from Mr. Sassoon is Redken's famous P.P.T. "Enzymatic Protein Hair Conditioner." . . . "Personally, I can not imagine life before I used it," said one worldly zealot who is ordinarily more restrained. . . . Vidal holds in high regard a new Redken permanent called Curl & Condition because it makes the new Sassoon curly cuts all that much more dazzling. . . . Curl and Condition may be one of the few permanents that has curled up between hard covers. See page 231 of *Sorry I kept you waiting, madam,* Vidal's engaging autobiography of a "crimper," a London hairdresser who cramps not our style. . . .

Micro Actionwear®

Thigh-high skirts need a non-stop stocking that won't sag or bag anywhere along the leg. Actionwear® pantyhose go all the way up to *there*. And beyond. Plus they're absolutely wrinkle-free.



Panty hose by Berkshire, Round-the-Clock, Christian Dior, NoMend.

Mini Actionwear®



Skirts that start ten inches up
so over the knee need a stocking
that keeps on going lots higher
than the eye can see. (And it
had better fit perfectly
all the way up.) For the girl
who wants some mini-control
as well, Actionwear pantyhose
with refillable stockings

No-garter panty girdles with detachable stockings by
Christian Dior, Engagement® by Berkshire, "Exactly Yours"®
by NoMend, Panty hose with "Refills"™ by Round-the-Clock®



When a thing loses
way down in there's a
girl who belongs in
pattern and
skin's real. And when
such a little bit of leg
shows, the eyes attract
a male with a
—we might just don't
let a girl do
she might be

Midi Actionwear®

Stockings by Berkshire, Round-the-Clock,
Christian Dior, NoMend, Finesse® by Stevens.



In a year when anything goes, we've got something to go with everything.

To show or not to show, that is the question. Either way, Actionwear stockings are the answer. Because you can get them in the right style for your style. And because they fit the way a girl with good legs and a groovy dress deserves to have her stockings fit.

Actionwear stockings are made of Monsanto's stretch Blue "C"® nylon. Which is why they fit and look the way they do.

All in all, Actionwear stockings have what it takes to give you whatever you want. That's the long and the short of it.

Actionwear
STOCKINGS AND PANTY HOSE

C NYLON
Monsanto

Watch Monsanto Night this fall. Barbra Streisand in "Happening in the Park," Sept. 15 CBS-TV, 9-10 p.m. Sophia Loren in "Sophia!" Oct. 23 ABC-TV, 9-10 p.m.



We've designed a loquacious silk for Mrs. Kenny's air mail letters.

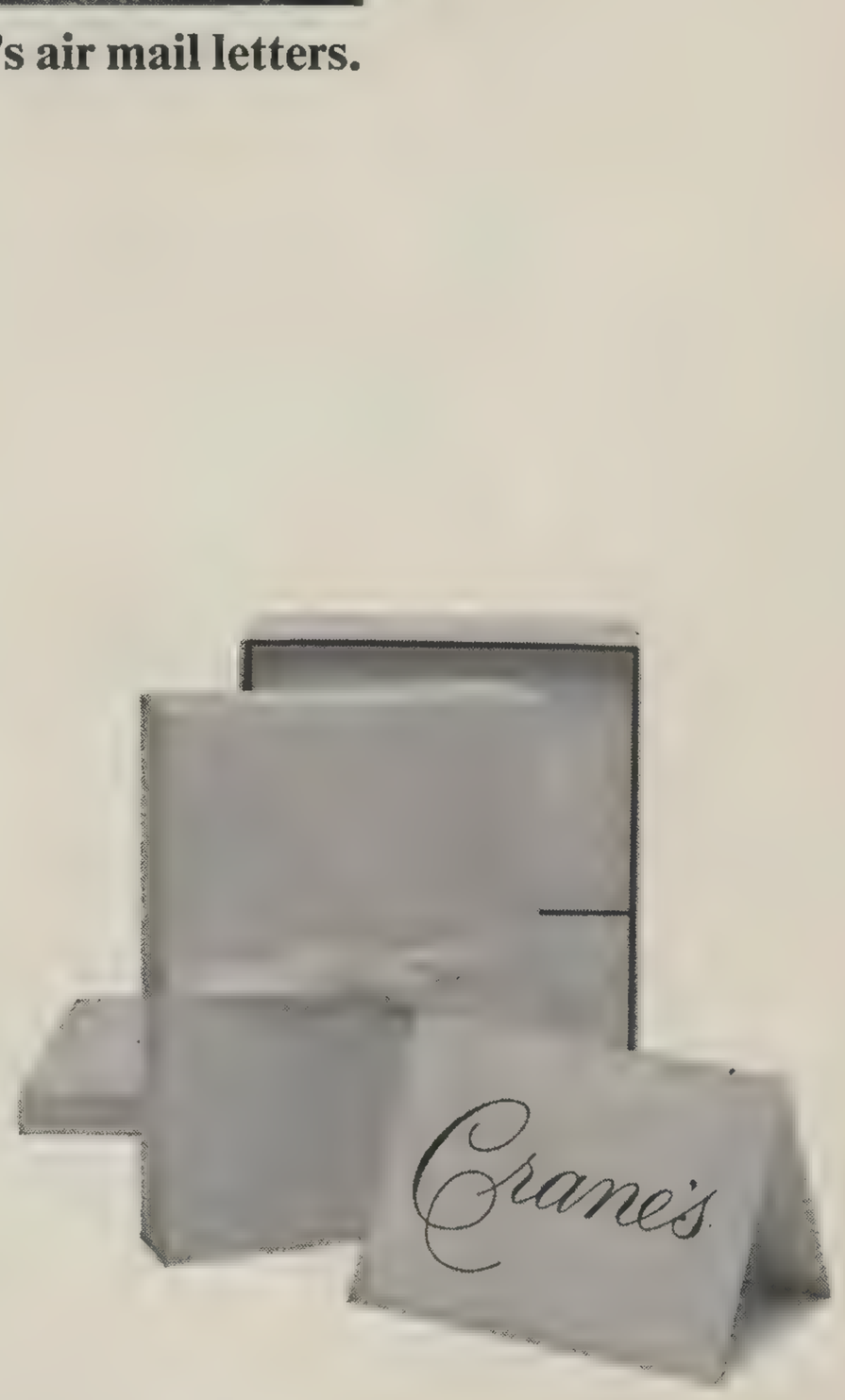
It's an unusual paper—because we believe that letters that fly, or have a lot to say, should be luxurious, and personal, as well as light.

It's called Silk Laid. You may have it plain, or hand-bordered in a wide variety of colors and combinations.

It's made the uncommon way we make all our papers—from stock that's of 100% rag fibers. It has our watermark, too, to show we care.

For ideas in paper that help to keep your correspondence flowing, see the ones we've created. But they aren't everywhere. The jewelry stores, department stores, stationery and specialty shops that carry Crane are a select group—authorities on paper and paper "etiquette." They're the ones to consult, too, about formal invitations and announcements, both the paper and the engravings. They also have lovely Crane gift sets, many for under $5.

And by the way, "About Letters, Notes and Invitations" is an informative booklet you might like to have. It talks about correspondence and papers. We'll send it free, and posthaste, if you write to: Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts 01226.



DESIGNED FOR A MAN



FABERGÉ WEST—THE BRAND OF A MAN...
It's Westward go! A new route to grooming. Everything he needs to look good, feel good. All male-powered for happening action: After Shave; 4 oz., 5.00. Cologne; 4 oz., 8 oz.; 6.50, 10.00. Soap; 3/5.00. Bronzer; 5.00. Talc; 4 oz., 3.50. A man's brand! Cosmetics.

FOR A MAN'S WOMAN, BY GEORGETTE TRILÉRE...
The game is love-all at the clubhouse. The match is worth watching in our baby camel's hair coatdress, by Georgette Trilére for Trimar. Belted with leather to create an in-shape, with an easy-stride skirt. Camel or navy. 8-16. 186.00. From Designer Dresses.

ROBINSON'S Los Angeles • Beverly Hills • Glendale • Anaheim • Panorama City • Pasadena • Newport • Santa Barbara

A ROBINSON'S LOOK



FABERGÉ WEST—THE BRAND OF A MAN...
A fragrance for the independent man who makes his own rules. Magnetic, unabashedly male. Catching the beat of today's pace, tonight's possibilities. Doubling up in a copper signature box: the Cologne Set with 4 oz. Cologne, 4 oz. Talc; 10.00. Cosmetics.

FOR A MAN'S WOMAN, BY JOANNA NELSON...
It's a sweet trip to The Candy Store. The going dress is Joanna Nelson's young sophistication, shadowy striped. Sure of itself, with in-shape high fit...'chupkahm' skirt. Sure of him, when you wear this look in white only. 6-14. 96.00. From Pacesetter Shop.

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DESIGNED FOR A MAN



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A new breed of grooming aids designed for the Western man in the driver's seat. Exhilarating, with a fresh new scent. Matching his zest for thrilling speed. The way to set-up his day: an After Shave Set with 4 oz. Lotion, 4 oz. Talc; 8.50 complete. Cosmetics.

FOR A MAN'S WOMAN, BY FRED ROTHSCHILD...
Fashion shifts into high gear. Accelerated for fall, Fred Rothschild's acetate-bonded wool jersey shirtdress. Belt it easy-shaped or close to the waist. Racy, with a print ascot. Casual, in flame red, caramel, navy. 8-18. 44.00. Better Sportswear Dresses.

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A ROBINSON'S LOOK

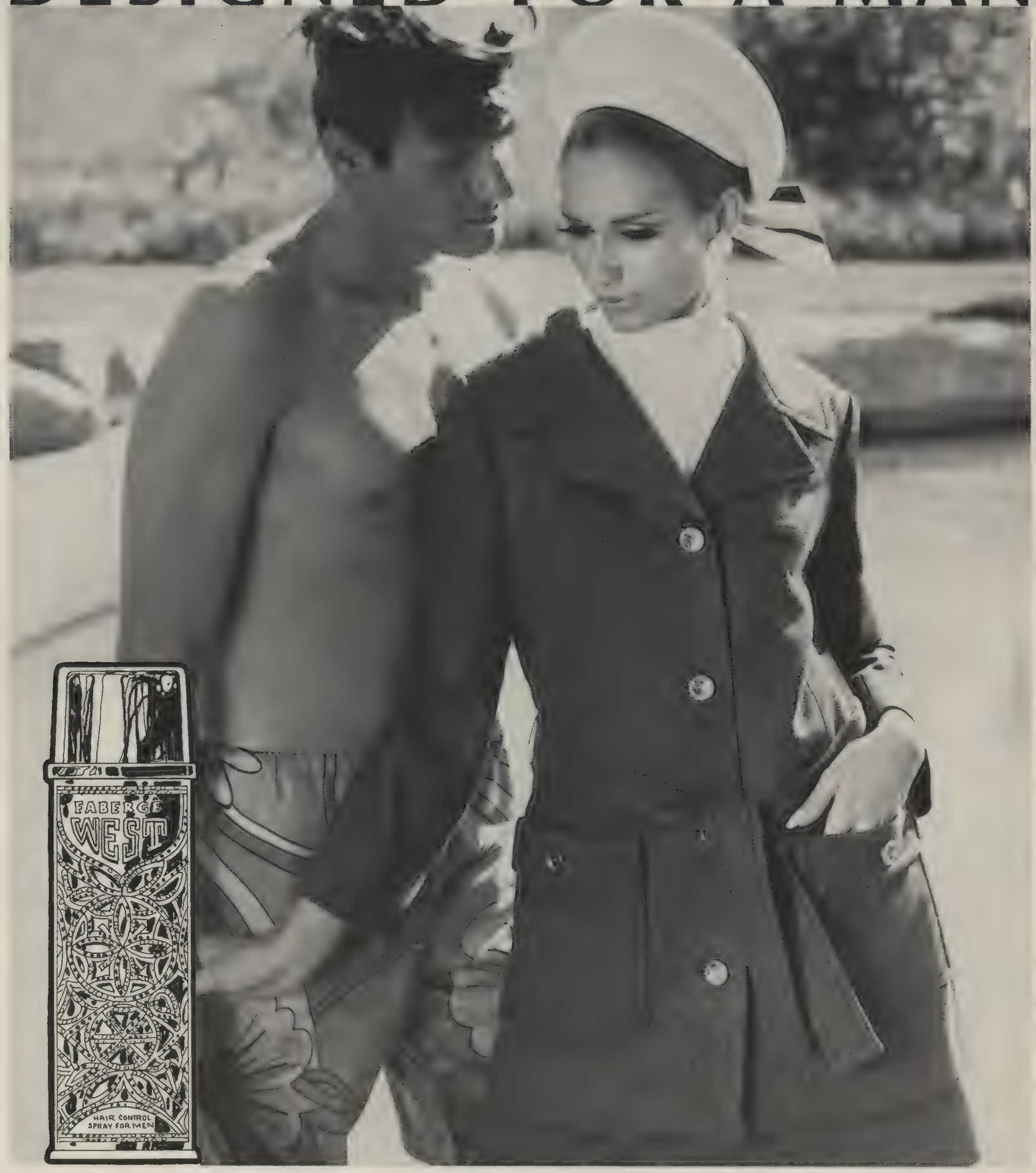


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A ROBINSON'S LOOK



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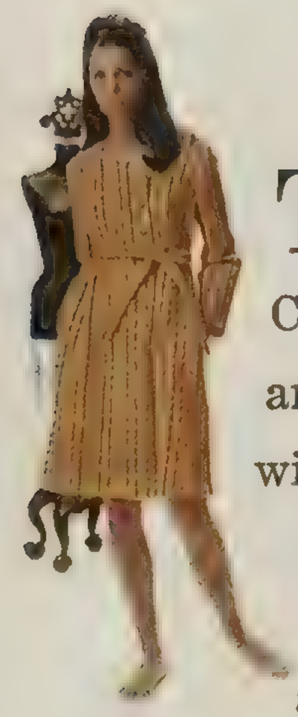
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INTO
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At last...a perfect little pump for townworthy suits.
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☆ The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards—Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Dürer—a della Robbia sculpture in shining white and blue, a Valencian panel of angels and golden spires against a starlit sky, an ancient Egyptian lotus tile from the palace of Rameses II, an emerald and sapphire Annunciation in stained glass from the chapel of a medieval castle, the Journey of the Three Kings in scarlet, pink, blue, and gold, an embroidery in colored silks of a lute player, lion, pear tree and fountain, and a Winslow Homer engraving of a Victorian skating party in Central Park are among the more than sixty designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry, the new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

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Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed
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VOGUE'S

A public-spirited New York dinner-dance like a private party



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The anniversary dinner-dance of the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York seemed more like a gentle celebratory gathering of friends than the annual climax to one of the most ambitious and successful hospital fund-raising programs ever. But the warmth, the lack of frenzy never obscured the fact that the guests are a remarkable group of public-spirited men and women working for the Memorial cancer centre—which by the time its fifty-three million dollar building program is completed next year will be the largest, most advanced private cancer care centre in the world.

Fired, inspired, the dancers took off, with men cutting in and out, greeting new partners as old friends in the Plaza ballroom, decorated with great striped pink, green, yellow, and white Roman medallions suspended over pink and bright striped tables and pink and white carnations. "This is one dance you don't have to cajole your husband into attending,"

NOTEBOOK



6

said a guest, "everyone feels proud to be here."

1. Ballroom view of dancing. 2. Miss Jan Golding, Mr. Harry B. Platt. 3. Mr. Mark Birley, Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell. 4. Mr. Talbot Speer, Miss Lacey Neuhaus. 5. Mr. Montague H. Hackett, junior; Mrs. Fell Cushing. 6. Mr. Laurance S. Rockefeller, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of The Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, with Mrs. John R. Fell, junior, and Mrs. William L. Hutton, Co-Chairmen of the Ball. 7. Mrs. Neil A. McConnell, Mr. Thomas E. Ford. 8. Mrs. Howard G. Cushing, junior; and Mr. Frederick A. Melhado. 9. H.E. Ambassador Ahmed Taibi Benhima and Mme. Benhima. 10. Mrs. H. Virgil Sherrill, Mr. William E. Hutton. 11. Mr. Philip Neuhaus, Mrs. Howard B. Dean.



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Crocheted wool and leather glove about $9.50.
Handmade leather and linen shoulder strap handbag about $34.
Leather walking shoe about $28.

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HOWARD B. WOLF INC. 498 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y., OR DALLAS

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The Centennial Belmont Ball—a flashing start for new old race track



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Spurred on by excitement, elation, and admiration, the Centennial Belmont Ball—given to benefit the arts, racing, and medical foundations—was held in the splendid new grandstand and clubhouse at reopened Belmont Park, after five years of imaginative rebuilding and restoring, the biggest and most modern racing centre in the world.

Guests—many of whom wore their racing colours—gathered for drinks in the Turf and Field Club under a mural copied from an 1810 print of the classic St. Leger Stakes race at Doncaster in England and later moved to the Belmont Terrace where bets are placed during the day. Indeed, the decorators Johns and Kelly had only two hours after the races to whip up a setting for dinner and dancing. They hung potted geraniums between swathed, red-panelled pari-mutuel windows, raised white lattice screens and big bright geranium trees between pink, red, and orange columns. Then, with dotty red paper roses on the tables, the room, as well as the guests, glowed in celebration.

1. Under the mural at the Turf and Field Club. 2. Miss Virginia Guest with Mr. Eddie Arcaro, selling chances. 3. Mr. Cornelius V. Whitney; Mrs. Clifford V. Brokaw, III. 4. Mrs. John A. Morris, Mr. Perry R. Pease. 5. Mr. Anthony C. Kiser, Miss Catherine E. Mather. 6. Mr. Antelo Devereux, junior; Miss Alexandra Wetherill. 7. Mrs. N. Fraser Wall dancing with Mr. William L. Harmonay in the Belmont Terrace Room. 8. Mr. Messmore Kendall, Mrs. Francis D. Wetherill, Mr. Calvin Coppedge. 9. Señor Antonio Muñoz, Mrs. Cornelius V. Whitney. 10. Mrs. Cortright Wetherill, Mr. Robert P. Sherwin.



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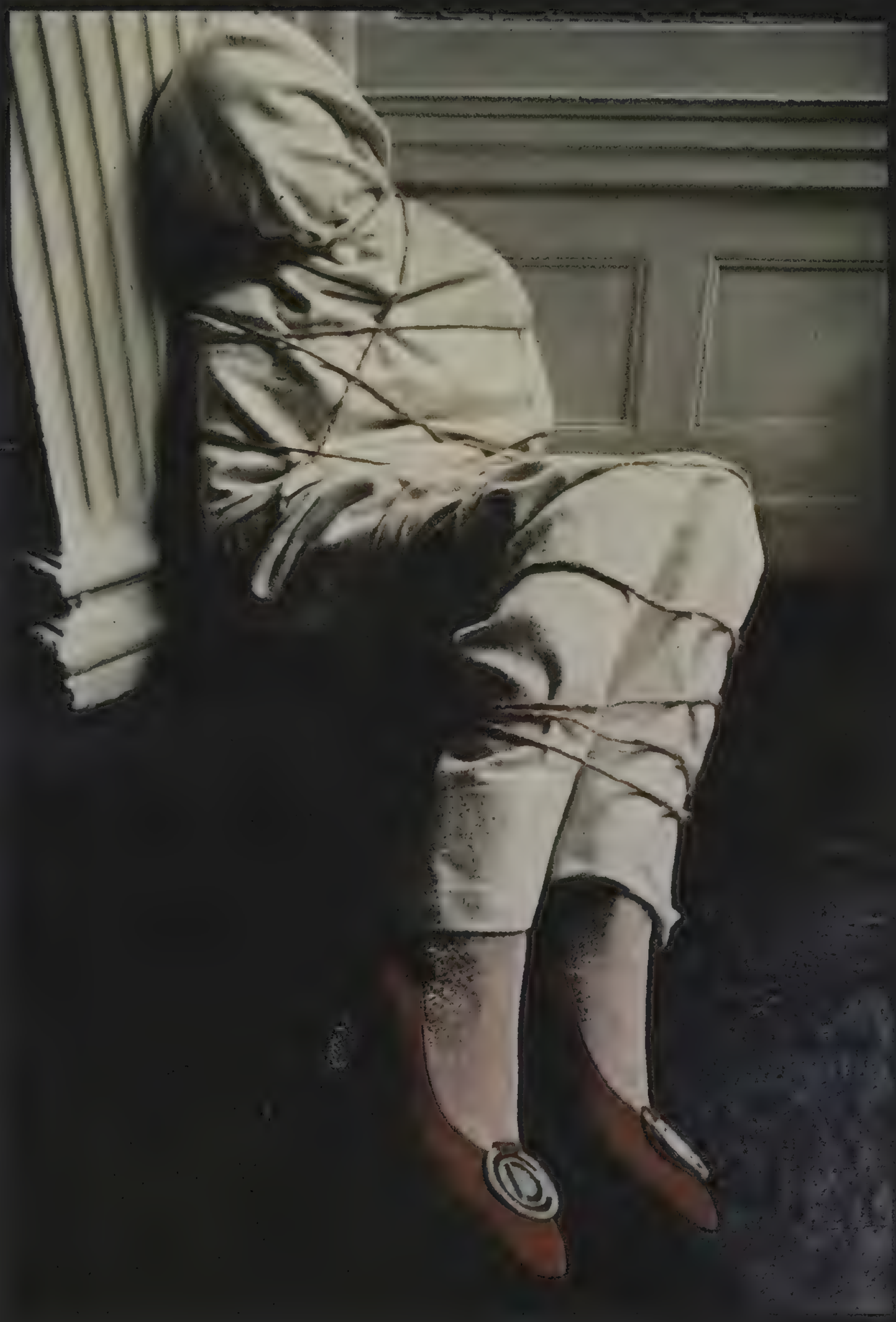
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Education

BY DONALD BARR

Fantasia for Bullhorns

This fall, watching the student activists as they wait for a police "bust," one will again sense their hunger for a bursting nocturnal encounter with authority. Watching the bustling authoritative leaders, one will again see boys who are caricatures of fathers. Last spring, the sap rose with peculiar urgency among university students in West Germany, Poland, France, Yugoslavia, Spain, England, and the United States. The issues over which the students rebelled varied to fit local circumstances—nationalism. freedom of speech, the suppression of defense research, better classroom facilities, "black" dorms. But a striking sameness of technique and style all over the world has led a good many older people to dismiss ideology and talk about youthful idealism, revolt against parental authority, and the like. For America, at least, this is a very shallow notion of the student rebels.

Certainly some of the rebels are idealists, youngsters who can not wait to perfect their fellow men and for whom no action is moral unless it serves their ideology. But the mass of activists and the cadre of leaders seem not to be idealists in that sense. No one who saw Columbia University as the demonstrators waited for the police—the ringing darkness; the bullhorns coughing slogans from the Long March and the Sierra Maestra in suburban accents; floods and strobes sketching out the rebels seated in hundreds, elbow to elbow, toe to buttock, in the communion of crisis on the steps of Hamilton Hall; all of South Field rustling dimly; a volley of jeers from the fraternity men in the Van Am Quad; a hammering chant of "Strike! Strike! Strike! Strike!" from the steps, spreading to the field, and dying away; a bearded boy and poncho'd girl sitting like connoisseurs of time in a strange open privacy against the building wall; and here and there a curious smell like burned hemp—could think that this was merely a programmatic rebellion. It was a rite, a *Walpurgisnacht*. For activists, action does not serve ideology—it consecrates ideology.

The leaders are different. They are too *busy* to be activists. They are always arriving from committee meetings: always making their way to the front with serious faces; always announcing that the sandwiches are coming, that Fayerweather Hall has been occupied, that The Community has despatched reinforcements; defining things; hurrying off to other meetings. They are always arriving at the Finland Station. It is not the throbbing wait and the shock of onset but the minutiae of power that fulfill them. They profess an ideology of "radical alternatives." "participatory democracy"—traditional syndicalism, in fact—but like Blanqui, Bakunin, Sorel, and the others who have theorized about the overthrow of establishments and the dispersal of power, they tend to be obsessed with the techniques of establishing themselves in power. They dabble in *Realpolitik*.

Neither activists nor leaders are notably rebellious against parental authority. Many seem to have had little of it to rebel against. Most are on outwardly good terms with their parents, and most have been on good terms with their teachers. Many are able to go to demonstrations by taxi. University administrators have more than once been astonished to find the rebels' parents staging protest rallies in support and imitation of their offspring. . . . The main technique of the American student rebellion is provocation. A spanking can supply a grievance, a thrill, and an ambition.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

Lost in the Funhouse, "*hornswoggled*"

John Barth's new book of short stories, *Lost in the Funhouse* (Doubleday), contains fourteen titles (including "Title") and each of them with three or four exceptions could more appropriately be "Lost in the Funhouse" or "Lost in John Barth's Personal Funhouse." He presents fictions, ontological lucubrations, Homeric yarns in modern dress, and other works elusive of nomenclature. One wishes one could join in the frolic because the author is having such a walloping good time with his distorting mirrors, ventriloquism, legerdemain, his pyrotechnics that combine girandoles of erudition with waggish set pieces in the vernacular. But a good deal of the time one feels hornswoggled. And the eye is irritated by foreign bodies, by hard words from hard languages, by counterfeit comparatives ("crushinger"), by the unlimited use of "et cetera" and "ditto."

These tricks probably serve a purpose, but the purpose is so unintelligible to hoi polloi that hoi polloi is inclined to look on them as merely slovenly. What is Barth up to when *twice* he misuses the word "hopefully," the most fashionable and exasperating illiteracy of our times? He should in some way indicate that he knows better; if he is spoofing, the joke is puny and if he isn't—well, rats! It is necessary to dwell at such length upon these matters because they are so insistent: underneath there may be a garden of perfect delights but to the smarting eye it seems overrun by vetch.

Mr. Barth, who is scholarly and learned and, as well, inoculated with galloping contemporaneity, writes a good deal of the time about himself as a writer writing. In the title story, "Lost in the Funhouse." Ambrose—Barth as an adolescent—simultaneously *tells* and *writes* the story of a family Fourth of July outing and we read: "Plush upholstery prickles uncomfortably through gabardine slacks in the July sun. The function of the *beginning* of a story is to introduce the principal characters, establish their initial relationships, set the scene . . . , expose the background of the situation. Actually, if one imagines a story called 'The Funhouse.' or 'Lost in the Funhouse.' the details of the drive to Ocean City don't seem especially relevant."

We are shifted from Ambrose's seminar in creative writing to events, to narrative progressions, to delineations of people and places. Ambrose appears in several of the other stories (which really *are* stories). One called "Ambrose His Mark" is a great gaudy jamboree with a Rabelaisian cast. Another, "Water-Message," relies on stock properties—little boys excluded from bigger boys' clubhouse mysteries, stirrings of sex, a message in a bottle—but Barth handles his material with kindness.

The lack of immediacy, finally, I think, is what conceals Barth's talent from me. In "Menelaiad," so many tellers are telling so many tales and quoting from so many people quoting from so many others that to follow the argument it would be necessary to work out a diagram on graph paper. Picked at random, here is a sample of the punctuation—compounded further by the rules of punctuation I must observe in quoting: " ' " (' ') "To?" (' ')" In point of fact, my exercise is incorrect; it should be " " ' (" ") 'To?' (" ")"

For mortals, there is not all the time in the world. Should we spend what days are left to us deciphering runes and groping through these labyrinthine ways and groves of academe where pedantic satyrs have replaced wise men?

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

THE Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Channel One, "*cleverly to the point*"

That paralyzing, mesmerizing swamp known as television (yes, there are exceptions) is being given a devastating kick in the pants by Channel One, the underground television channel aired at the Channel One television theatre, 62 East Fourth Street, in New York.

Founded by TV actor Kenneth Shapiro and Lane Sarasohn, Channel One is an outrageous closed-circuit presentation that fulfills all our meanest fantasies about the tube. The instant boredom of television commercials, soap operas, newscast formats, panel discussions, interviews, and "specials" is satirized *ad absurdum*, and the results are zany, hilarious, and, more often than not, cleverly to the point. The Channel One theatre, designed by Shapiro, has a semicircular seating arrangement. Three television sets are suspended from the ceiling, and everyone gets an unobstructed view of the action. It's a comfortable place, with performances nightly at 8:30.

What makes the Channel One programs satisfying is the faithfulness and authenticity with which the medium is treated. The programs are pre-taped and recorded on television stock, and the technique and format are identical to those seen on home screens. What's different, of course, is the content. Every taboo is explored with a smooth, tongue-in-cheek professionalism. Words and actions no commercial television station would dare broadcast are utilized to raunchy effect. But it all hangs together because the actors and the director manage to honour their subjects. They do not annihilate television. They simply puncture it.

On one of the programs, a deeply serious guitar instructor continually gets his fingers caught in the strings of his guitar. An interview with a Maharishi Mahesh Yogi substitute parodies the transcendental syndromes, while a man brushing his teeth in front of a mirror suddenly finds himself with an extra pair of hands and arms carefully combing his hair—a sort of Charles Addams grotesquerie.

A recent program had a newscaster finishing the news of the day and bidding his audience good-night. But the picture of the newscaster does not dissolve. The camera remains focused on him way beyond the few seconds that it usually takes to close such programs. The newscaster becomes more and more uncomfortable, he starts re-shuffling his papers. After what seems an interminable time, the newscaster slowly slinks out of the camera's range—on all fours. Some of the material is pointed toward pure shock. A stark-naked rock 'n' roll group is introduced on a mock Ed Sullivan Show. A coffee-bean buyer turns out to be testing the consistency, odour, and strength of marijuana leaves.

Despite its technical excellence, Channel One does suffer from a lack of true inventiveness and true imagination. One looks in vain for some truly acerbic comment, some completely thought-out dialogue that does not so much jeer and jab but becomes more visceral—more thoughtfully analytical. Channel One is too overridingly uniform in its denigrating tactics. This brings about its own conventions—and they become as tiresome as the frequent inanities of regular television. As usual, it's a matter of coming up with a mordantly witty script.

Still, Channel One serves as an excellent antidote to the ennui and stupefying repetitiveness of some television programming.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Soul Together, "*all agony forgotten*"

The ads sounded ominous: A "Soul Together" at Madison Square Garden, with proceeds to the Martin Luther King memorial fund. Even the premise of such an event seemed anachronistic. Could an interracial audience really share so personal an experience as a "Soul Together"?

Could we stomp our feet, and then join hands for a few choruses of "We Shall Overcome"? Haven't Mace and militancy made those words part of the nostalgia of our time?

I went anyway. This concert had some heavy things going for it. Such as Atlantic Records, the evening's co-sponsor. Atlantic, a major source of modern soul music, had supplied all the artists on the program (black and white) from its own roster. You got the feeling these nitty-gritty businessmen wouldn't mess with a gig like this unless it was for real.

Backstage, The Rascals sat nibbling pizza and warming up. They are white, and were itching to play this house. I asked the organist, Felix Cavaliere, if black audiences were different from whites.

"Yeah," he answered softly, "They clap *on* the beat." In walked half of the duo of Sam and Dave (soul men). He shook Cavaliere's hand and said, "So this is The Rascals."

I took those words as an omen. But you know these show people: so far ahead of their time, or so far out of it, that you can't depend on them for consensus. I walked into the vast arena and took my seat.

Twenty-one thousand faces bobbed and barked encouragement at the stage. They dug all the acts. Black girls screamed for The Rascals' drummer, Dino Danelli. White girls shouted after King Curtis and his spasm-sax. They even liked Sonny and Chér.

But Sam and Dave blew their minds. Wired for sound and motion, these two guys grabbed that arena as though it were just a pair of swaying hips. They shook it up and brought it down again in a funky hurricane. You understand why people jump barriers to touch Sam and Dave for luck. They move like magic.

And then Aretha. She stood there, coiffed and spangled, sang three gratuitous hits to warm up, and then sat down at her piano. All traces of Formica finesse vanished then, as Aretha Franklin ushered in the raw spirit of ecstasy. She chopped "Dr. Feelgood" into pulsating cubes of sound and served it up soft and sizzling. By the time she finished that song all agony seemed forgotten. The stage was surrounded by fans. You couldn't tell colour, or you stopped noticing.

Everyone had his hands raised in the partisan "V" of demonstrations. They sang "Respect" over and over again ("Give it to me when I get home"). A black cat in a dirty beret hunched over the drums with some spare sticks. A white guy in a jacket and tie wouldn't let go of Aretha's hand. The cops just stood there, wondering whether it was a party or a riot.

Then it was over, in a half-hearted chorus of "We Shall Overcome." That was the only song that didn't make it. Yes, it was too late to sing hymns together; too late to hold hands and seem sincere about righting wrongs and bringing murdered saints back to the podium for a bow. Too late, perhaps, for rallies and Sunday sermons on brotherhood.

But not too late to soul together.



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



Late summer and the cool cottons

What men are looking for right now are late summer coolers in the form of cotton shirts important enough to obviate the need for a jacket in casual situations. The best are white, off white, or the palest paring down of colour. ***Very important:*** that they be covered enough to avoid the ugly line of sleeves that stop just short of the elbow; the careless effect of a gaping collar. Here; ***three men, four great shirts.*** Left: ***Ted Landry*** has the unbleached cotton muslin shirt with extravagantly full sleeves, gathered yoke back, stand-up collar. A great shirt at night, one with an embroidered Pakistani vest. $20 at Capes for Men, 232 East 9th Street. Writer ***Wyatt Cooper,*** far right, found his Great Shirt of white broadcloth at the Williamsburg Craft Shops in Virginia. "A tourist souvenir that really is wonderful to wear" . . . especially for informal dinners at home. Artist ***Beni Montresor*** has, right, Hardy Amies' Nehru collar shirt in icy apricot, $10.50 at Roger Kent, N. Y., wears it at night with a mulberry silk lavallière from Knize, 24 East 56th, an antique carnelian pin. By day, below, a white Mexican wedding shirt, $12.50 at Fred Leighton, 177 Macdougal St., N. Y. with Indian beaded neck ornament.





JILL KREMENTZ



JACK ROBINSON



MAURICE HOGENBOOM

Cotton Caftans: newly narrowed, an at-home answer to cool. Ted Landry, working now with Ivor David Balding to bring *The Man in the Glass Booth* to Broadway has, far left, a bold geometric striped in parrot green, white, and indigo. . . . And below, Paisley cotton. Either way, it's $40 at Alexander Shields, 484 Park Avenue, New York.



HERSCHELLE-SAN FRANCISCO carves a rich cotton velvet in bold strokes. Buttons it dramatically with polished turtle shell. Belts it in back. Keeps it light and *comfortable* despite its fashionable bulk by using cotton. Wear it for little dinners or important luncheons. Or daringly, as a coat over a long sleeved dress. Palo Alto brown (shown), San Francisco green, Sausalito red. Sizes: 6 to 16. Available at these and other fine stores.

COTTON: YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.



Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Lichtenstein's, Corpus Christi; Esther Wolf, Houston; City of Paris, San Francisco.

AUGUST 15, 1968

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: FASHION THAT GOES ALL THE WAY WITH CHARM

Push the charm button and dreamy things happen—like the next clothes you see. Out of the West—full of the spirit and dash of California where they were designed and made. With the fresh swing of circular capes. The cleanest white collars—of lace, of linen. Colours with sunny clarity. And velvet—newer, bigger than ever this year, never better. Deep, dark, rich, lustrous....One of the newest velvets here, with a marvellous texture—a two-piece dress of black cut velvet, moiré-patterned, buttoned in small sparkles, belted in bow-tied black leather. Worn with black velvet boots, glitter-buckled, and a snowy mink muff. Dress by Georgette Trilere for Trimar, of rayon velvet (Bucol fabric); about $215. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's. Adolfo hair ribbon. K.J.L. earrings. Aris gloves. Muff by Ben Kahn. Actionwear tights by Berkshire, of Monsanto Blue C nylon. Golo boots. Coiffure: Ara Gallant.



BERT STERN

LONGER DIRNDL,
RUSSIAN PYJAMAS—
BLOWING IN FROM
THE WINNING WEST

BERT STERN

Look West—to the best of California fashion. Starting at night, romantically, left, with a covered-up nine-tenths dress striped in emerald green on the bodice, held with black satin ribbon above a ruched black skirt. At the hem, more jewel-green stripes. By Cardinali, of wool, silk, mohair. Bonwit Teller; Lou Lattimore; Bon Marche; Bullock's-Wilshire. K.J.L. necklace and ornament. Stanley Hagler ring. Actionwear tights by Berkshire of Monsanto Blue C nylon. Coiffure by Alan of Kenneth. Cossack pyjamas, right: coquetry in black satin buttoned with sparklers and caught here with diamanté ropes—grand dash for little dinners. By Neal-McClintock, of Onondaga silk and rayon. About $225. Sara Fredericks; Esther Wolf. Stanley Hagler earrings. K.J.L. belts. Boots by Golo. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.

PAULA PRENTISS IN JEWELLED EVENINGS— CHARMERS FROM THE WINNING WEST

She was clandestine and funny in *The World of Henry Orient,* feline and funny in *What's New, Pussycat?*—Paula Prentiss, a long purry girl and a stylish, off-beat comedienne with amused brown eyes, a mass of brown hair. Last year, she and her husband—Richard Benjamin—starred together in the TV series *He and She;* next month, they team again when shooting starts on *Catch-22.* Here, she's he-pleasing in long, jewel-struck evening dresses. When East meets West, left, flowers bloom on a sheer wool caftan—brown, white, black, jewelled. By Michael Novarese; Bianchini fabric. At Sara Fredericks; Isabell Gerhart; Bullock's-Wilshire. Earrings by Apex Art. Caution: halter crossing, right, a dreamy dress of white silk crêpe crossed over a bare midriff and crunchy with ruby-red stones. By Jean Louis. At Sara Fredericks; Maison Blanche; I. Magnin. Earrings by Jean Louis. Rings by Marvella; K.J.L. Coiffures: Ara Gallant.


BERT STERN



PAULA PRENTISS IN WINNING-WEST KNIT WITH A CARDIGAN, TRANSPARENCY À LA RUSSE

The cossack tunic, left: Paula Prentiss in Rudi Gernreich's luxe-y little fantasy of furry black and black chiffon—transparent to the hipbone, with deep fake-fur cuffs and a smidge of furry black skirt; a wide black suède belt goes around the waist and strapped black suède boots go on and on. Tunic-dress of silk chiffon with furry cuffs and skirt of Verel and Dynel (Berroco fabric); about $190. Cossack hat of Dynel: Layne Nielson for Rudi Gernreich. Both at Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Boots by Capezio. The cardigan suit, right, in charcoal-grey knit—short flared skirt and a long easy sweater of a jacket; shirt of palest blue silk, claret-red necktie. By Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture; Jasco wool knitted in America. At Bergdorf Goodman, Hudson's, Bramson, Montaldo's; [illegible] Magnin. Watch: Old England. Gold-link belt by Christian Dior for Abbe Creations. Ring by [illegible] of Fur. The lace socks by Lady Esther,

BERT STERN







RICHES FROM THE WINNING WEST— VELVET, SABLE, CHECKS, TWEED, PLAID

Deepest brown velvet, this page, a theatre suit with jewelled buttons, brown silk chiffon blouse. By Helga. Suit of Du Pont acetate and Avisco rayon (Martin fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Young-Quinlan; Swanson's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Necklace by Marvella. Pantie stockings by Beautiful Bryans, at Bonwit Teller. Shoes: Herbert Levine. Coiffure: Ara Gallant. Sable, sashed high, centre, a full-length coat with lifted sleeves and shoulders. Satin ribbon sash. Designed by Galanos, for Neustadter; natural Russian Crown sable. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Earrings, bracelet: Stanley Hagler. Herbert Levine boots. Coiffure: Maury of Kenneth. Belted checks, top right, a brown and white wool suit. Ernie's design for Ernst Strauss; about $100. At Rosette Pennington; J. W. Robinson. Adolfo hat. Socks: Bewitching. Golo shoes. Tweedy wool checks, centre right. Black and white dress by Phyllis Sues for Stanley Nelson; Bellaine fabric loomed in America; about $145. Sara Fredericks; Montaldo's. Calderon belt. Pins on belt: Robert Originals. Beautiful Bryans pantie stockings. Shoes: Mademoiselle. Coiffure: Ara Gallant. Plaid, chains, belt, bottom right, a wool dress of brown, black, white. By Bert Geiger; about $190. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat. Pantie stockings: Beautiful Bryans. I. Miller shoes.

BERT STERN



A dash of lemon, this page—knockout pyjamas of citron yellow crêpe, the deep neckline jewel-set with sparkling baubles—diamanté, gilt. Long tight sleeves, a curvy little waist, wide legs. By Richard Tam, of rayon crêpe. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Fingers ringed by Michael Hic, Napier, Apex Art. Moonlight blue, opposite—pale, silvery, heavenly for a long brocade dress with little ties to close it down one side. Dolman sleeves with flared cuffs, side-slit hem, chains wrapping the waist. By Stella, made to order for I. Magnin; of Abraham fabric woven with Lurex. Preston Manser earrings. Whiting & Davis belt. Moonlight face by Revlon, from gleams of Ultima II—Tawny Beige transparent face tint, with a transparent lip tint, frosted, called Rock Crystal Pink. Coiffures, both pages: Ara Gallant.

WINNING, HOMING— EVENINGS WITH THE GLOW OF CHARM





SUNSET REDS FROM
THE WINNING WEST—
PLAID CAPE SUIT,
GOLD-RUSHED
SHIRTDRESS



The cape's winnings, above—a circular swing of shape held at the neck by a golden chain, and a gathered skirt with high waistband, both bright-navy-and-red wool plaid, double-faced; bright navy wool crêpe turtleneck shirt. By Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture; Brendan fabric loomed in America. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Miller & Rhoads; Halle Bros.; Harold's; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Other neck chains by Monet, K. J. L. Hanes stockings. Boots at Henri Bendel. Fireball, opposite, a red wool gabardine shirtdress with gilt buttons, tasselled chain belt. Georgia Bullock, of Bellaine fabric loomed in America. About $125. De Pinna; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. Belt: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations; at Henri Bendel. Tassels: Tinsel Trading. Socks by Bewitching. Latinas shoes. California Sun lipsticks: Glint of Pink, frosted, over Pink Dawn, creamy; both, Max Factor. Coiffures: Alan of Kenneth.

PENN

Queen Christina: even now, her name projects the essence of northern allure, of unsolved mystery....At eighteen—beautiful, gifted, proud—she ascended the throne of Sweden in 1644, and assembled a brilliant, luxurious Court. At twenty-eight—enigmatically—she abdicated, and, dressed as a young nobleman, left the kingdom....She was once played by the immortal Garbo; on these pages, her spirit is evoked by another great northern beauty, Veruschka...and by clothes of seventeenth-century romanticism; rich velvets, falls of clean white linen and lace—all intensely, vividly wearable now.... *Right:* a great glacier of pure-white lace on a long black velveteen dress by Sarff-Zumpano, shown full length on the following page. Chain by Calderon. *Far right:* dark-brown velvet to the ground with a magnificent width of collar—like a Bürgermeister's wife's, in starchy, lace-edged white linen, with matching cuffs—and an enormous jewelled belt. By Harold Levine, in rayon velvet by Crompton; George Richardson cotton lace. About $190. Sant' Angelo belt. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also: Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. On all these pages: all the hats by Adolfo; coiffures by Alba of Alba and Francesca, Rome.

16 pages of Veruschka, photographed in the Dordogne region of France

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

THE QUEEN CHRISTINA LOOK

RICH VELVETS, SNOWY LINENS AND LACE... TO WEAR NOW WITH NEW GALLANTRY AND ROMANCE

Black velvet with immaculate sweeps of white...worn here by Veruschka with the panache of the beautiful, reckless young Christina....Full-length portrait, *left*, of the dress shown on the previous page; black velveteen...cascade of white lace collar, deep white-lace cuffs...a lowered, pointed waist. By Sarff-Zumpano; cotton velveteen by Cone. George Richardson cotton lace. At Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Pendant by K.J.L.; chain by Calderon: Bonwit Teller. Gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. The young cavalier, *right*...Veruschka in velvety black, the sleeves quilted in squares. We added the collar and cuffs—of snow-crisp white faille—and tasselled golden cords. Short dress by Morton Myles for Jeunesse, of cotton and rayon velvet (Crompton fabric); sleeves quilted with Comark vinyl. About $70 at Altman's, New York; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. Collar, cuffs, golden cords, by Sant' Angelo: Henri Bendel. Rings: Sandor Goldberger; Hattie Carnegie.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

QUEEN CHRISTINA VELVETS...
SPLENDOUR OF BLACK,
DAZZLE OF WHITE



QUEEN CHRISTINA VELVETS... LONG DARK FURS IN THE FOREST

Deep in the snows...Veruschka swathed in dark mink, *left,* a golden rope at her waist. Magnificent nine-tenths coat, the skins worked horizontally...cuffs like gauntlets, and a great, luxurious notched collar. By Laurence Kaye of GLMA natural dark ranch mink. At Jordan Marsh, Boston; J. W. Robinson; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Cuffs on boots by Sant' Angelo at Henri Bendel. Ruza Creations bands around neck. Belts by Calderon. Ring by Robert Originals.... *Above,* a marvellous long furred coat of sapphire-blue velvet, deeply edged with sable, closed with frogs of golden braid. Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, in cotton velvet by de Ball; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; L.S. Ayres; Swanson's. Tasselled golden rope by Calderon. Charles Jourdan boots. On both pages: gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

QUEEN CHRISTINA VELVETS...
WITH GOLD BRAID, LEMON FOX

On the battlements, *above*...Veruschka in a musketeer's tunic of black velvet, gallantly edged with scalloped golden braid...black tights tucked into cavalier jack-boots. Sash of golden braid flung over one shoulder. Pants suit by Oscar de La Renta (pants not shown). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Golden sash over shoulder by Calderon. Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Tights by Sapphire. David Evins boots. A great swirl of lemon fox, *opposite*...regal enough for a Queen of the North. Cape of lemon-dyed Norwegian Blue fox, cascading to mid-calf...the skins worked horizontally, linked by small inserts of lemon-coloured suède. We added the jewelled collar, belt. Cape, by Ritter Bros. At G. Fox; Chas. A. Stevens; May-D & F. Collar by Sant' Angelo: Henri Bendel. Belt by Robert Originals: Lord & Taylor. Dress by Jan Justin for Don Sophisticates, of cotton and rayon velvet (Crompton fabric). Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Setting, the Château de Fénelon.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





The great hall of the Château de Fénelon ...and Veruschka, *far left,* in short deep-brown velvet wreathed with embroidered silvery vines, corded seaming on the sleeves, collar, brief skirt. (We added the wide white collar.) Coatdress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Crompton rayon velvet; Lurex threads (Aristocrat embroidery). Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Collar (at Henri Bendel) and golden ropes by Sant'Angelo. Leggings by David Evins; I. Miller. Gold boots.... A dress for a Queen, *left,* prodigal and beautiful: yards of steel-grey velvet, a gathered skirt to the floor ...rows of silvery and diamanté embroidery velvet ribbon passementerie. By Donald Brooks of Crompton cotton and rayon velvet; embroidery by Forster Willi a Verron. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Both pages: gloves by Sant' Angelo for Cresendoe. Superb rings are by Stanley Hagler.

GLEAM OF SILVER...
ON QUEEN CHRISTINA
VELVETS

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

QUEEN CHRISTINA VELVETS...
COURTLY BRITCHES.
A FLING OF CAPE

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

In a Vermeer-like interior at the Château de Fénelon, *below*, Veruschka in black velvet britches like those once worn by courtiers and pages, with an immense white faille shirt-collar folded back on a flowing velvet cape. Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture; britches and cape of Crompton rayon velvet; shirt, Onondaga fabric of Avisco acetate and rayon. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Sant' Angelo shirt-collar and [illegible] garters; Maison de Fou belt; Stanley Hunter shoe pins. Henri Bendel. Apex Art ring. Glen Raven pantie stockings. Charles Jourdan pumps. Grey velvet britches, opaque, and long belted jacket, jewel-[illegible] over a white linen shirt with giant [illegible] and cuffs. Chester Weinberg; [illegible]-and-rayon velvet. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. [illegible] Ritterbusch ring; Schreiner pin; Saks Fifth Avenue. Gauntlets: Sant' Angelo for [illegible]. Superb. Danskin tights.

QUEEN CHRISTINA VELVETS...
AND SILVER FOX

The coach waits, *above*... for Veruschka in a sumptuous brown velvet coat to mid-calf, embroidered and buttoned in golden braid and brilliants. By Christian Dior-New York, of rayon velvet; at Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; Jacobson's, Michigan; Esther Wolf, Houston. Emily Wetherby scarf: Bergdorf Goodman. Stanley Hagler ring. Danskin pantie stockings. Pumps, Charles Jourdan (buckles added).... Magnificent wrapping of silver fox, *opposite*... a short, huge-collared coat; double bands on the boots. Coat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, in natural silver fox. Boots by Roger Vivier for Revillon. All, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Adolfo fox toque at Saks Fifth Avenue. Ring by Apex Art.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



THE GLEAM OF GOLD ON QUEEN CHRISTINA VELVETS AND BLACK CRÊPE



The romantic gaucho look in dark-brown velvet, *left*—Veruschka as a Spanish cavalier in marvellous, full, straight-legged culottes, a small weskit lavished in golden galloon. Wide-collared white crêpe shirt, bias sleeves. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, culottes and weskit of Cromoton rayon and cotton velvet; shirt of Avisco acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $125. Calderon belt. All: Altman's. Turnout, also: Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Margaret Jerrold boots . . . Golden braid, *above*, in broad, gleaming bands on a black crêpe tunic. By Malbé, in Chardon-Marché crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon. About $32. Calderon belt. K.J.L. pin. All: Altman's. Tunic, also: Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus. Ruza Creations garter. Sapphire tights.

VELVETS... DARK BROWN WITH A GOLDEN DAZZLE



VOGUE PATTERNS

The nine-tenths dress, right, dark-brown velvet with a hem-band of gold galloon and tassels almost to the ankle... gold galloon holding the long, narrow sleeves; golden chains hanging to the waist, and to top it all off, an Indian head-band of golden embroidery. Vogue Pattern 7383. Chains: Abbe Creations, Calderon. Boots by Herbert Levine.

Gaucho culottes, far right, loose, widening mid-calf culottes of chocolate-brown velvet and a matching full-sleeved shirt with golden fringe falling from the collar and cuffs—a crushy, golden belt holds it all together. Culottes, Vogue Pattern 7384; shirt, Vogue Pattern 7445. Crompton rayon velvet. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop. Van Rouge belt (to order) with Apex Art pin. Both: Henri Bendel. Rings by K. J. L., Laguna, Maison de Fou. Boots: Henri Bendel. Maury of Kenneth coiffures. For back views, see page 148.

VOGUE PATTERN 7383

BERT STERN

VOGUE PATTERN 7384

VOGUE PATTERN 7445

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The acid and odd relief felt by the public that the Republicans have chosen their candidate for the Presidency, the curious lethargy of the public waiting for the Democrats to choose theirs, the country's zip fading like an old tan after the primaries. . . . The remarkable CBS television series *Of Black America* which has a notable scholarly, sensitive, and sensible attitude rather than an attitude of quick-buck sensationalism that some of the educational television programs went in for last winter; the sieve that strained sensationalism out is the executive producer Perry Wolff who wrote part of the series. . . . The small but intense exhibition "Garbo—Film Stills" at New York's Museum of Modern Art where the stills range from Garbo's first film, *Gösta Berling's Saga,* in which her pretty face seems just a Swedish sketch for the later famous Hollywood one, severe, haunting, thin, and powerfully beautiful.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Thomas Crown Affair,* a fairly happy movie for which one alert scriptwriter could have destroyed the whole business of Steve McQueen as a young Boston financier whose hobby is bank robbery and of Faye Dunaway as an insurance investigator in delicious clothes that would scandalize the Boston police department; the problem lies quaintly in whether McQueen and Dunaway can invest their notable assets.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Children's Gastronomique,* a new cookbook by Christine Ripault who has thoughtfully gathered some six hundred tranquillizing recipes (translated and adapted by Charlotte Turgeon) from good chefs in France; with reason Miss Ripault suggests, like an expert captain, cream of watercress soup, squab en casserole, and an orange soufflé, a dinner that ought to pacify any eight-year-old. . . . In London, Mr. Chow, a fairly new Chinese restaurant with Italian waiters—the owner thinks Orientals too impassive—designed and run by Michael Chow who has thrown out all sense of Chinese-restaurant décor for white modern with paintings by Jim Dine and Peter Blake, a concept as fresh as his deep-fried cabbage.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, the new Hayward Gallery on the South Bank —a cool, antiseptic building, its gallery rather like an operating theatre, which Edward Lucie-Smith described as a "place which is deliberately cut off from the rest of life. You only remember that London is roaring outside when you walk out on to the sculpture terraces, under the glare of the sky. All of this is in keeping with our new attitude towards works of art. We treat them as totems, but guiltily suspect that they are going to bore us at any moment."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Young Daniel Barenboim who conducts the English Chamber Orchestra with flexibility, commanding logic, and powerful musicality, and with his equally young wife Jacqueline du Pré, a superb cellist, makes a notable concert team. . . . In Peru, the overworked word *papacito,* meaning, to the young, Jean-Claude Killy and all The Monkees.



MART CROWLEY, *above,* author of the curdled hit comedy *The Boys in the Band,* an artificial jewel of a play with a toad in its head, seems—with his straightforward and gentle manner, his easy sense of the absurd, his reasonableness—to have a singular and staggering simplicity. ("I have always had an Up personality; people liked having me around; there were always a few laughs.") In fact, he lives carefully close to disintegration, has a doomy habit of speaking the unspeakable ("I have always thought of myself as a total flop"), and when he removes his spectacles reveals the unhopeful eyes of a demolition expert in emotions. He wrote *The Boys in the Band,* his first play, in five weeks. "I'd thought about it for years, and knew exactly what I wanted before I wrote it." What he wrote is a play about homosexuality; of its nine characters, all men (women are referred to,



EBERSTADT

obliquely, as killer whales), eight are homosexuals, connoisseurs of the slow painful topple of human façade. They lob dialogue that strikes and burrows, bringing gasps not only from the target but also from the audience, whose salacious, late, slow-witted laughter often drowns the lines; these are frequently appallingly funny.

Born into a pious family in Vicksburg, Mississippi, Crowley, when he was seventeen, ran away to Hollywood where, among other things, he wrote, abortively, scripts for television shows and movies, "stealing a thousand old plots from a thousand old movies and pasting them together." From someone who can craft backchat so that it thunks into irrevocable place, who knows the precise blow-power of the onstage pause, his conversation, when not concerned with assessing seedy sentiment, seems almost unnaturally deprecating, dwindling, and punctuated with platitude. Crowley lives nowhere permanently, nor wants to, but keeps an apartment in California; while in New York he stays at the Hotel Algonquin, whose solid rooms he invests with the feeling of a large, slowly collapsing tent. He is now writing about "the phantasy of escape, a play that snowballed out of my life, about people on the run from life. Sometimes I think that writing a play is like gestation; you long for it to be born and then you're afraid to look in case it's a monster." *The Boys in the Band* is a monster, but no one's afraid to look. Later it will be in Paris and London, will be published in October, and is being made into a movie with Crowley retaining full control over every shot and line. Robert Moore, the play's director, whom Crowley credits with a great deal of its success, will also direct the film. "Success? Yes, in that it's the first thing that has happened to me that isn't depressing. I was panic-stricken about being a career flop at thirty-two. But when you've reached that age and *never* have had a successful relationship with anyone, it's not just panic-making. You feel, simply, like you're 132."

CRISIS *how*

Out of crisis strength emerges. From agony and despair involving every fibre of spirit and being, it is humanly possible to rebuild courage and vigour. Each of the life crises—birth, death, pregnancy, divorce, loss of status, chronic illness, retirement, and generation gap—is monumental in itself; each marks one of the great unforgettable turning points of life.

In addition to these life crises, we now experience en masse such terrifying upsets as the recent assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., involving vast groups of people who are thrown into what psychiatry calls a state of acute crisis. . . . The natural resilience of the human ego in each case hits a bad patch of buffeting, of anguish that leaves one temporarily washed away, but two striking hopes remain: first—and this is an old constant—people who "take things hard," who ask questions, who experience the full catastrophe, come out of a crisis on a new level of emotional strength; second—the psychiatrist is moving away from the couch in his office and into the world, providing a wide range of people with new techniques for solving their own problems.

The proper name for this complex of techniques is crisis intervention, a therapy to provide *immediate* coping mechanisms, and though it is now being practised by community mental health groups in New York, California, Massachusetts, Illinois, Minnesota, and elsewhere under the supervision of top psychiatrists, it is not solely their province—the most effective agents of crisis intervention may sometimes be non-pros, public figures, pop singers, TV commentators, and at the simplest level, relatives or friends who offer quick support in times of stress.

Dr. Gerald Caplan, a professor at the Harvard Medical School and one of the founding fathers of crisis intervention, pointed out the day after the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., that the instantaneous actions of Mayor John Lindsay in New York and Mayor Kevin White in Boston, who, as Lindsay said in another context, made themselves "visible" in the ghetto areas, offered urgently needed support that encouraged people to mourn and not to riot. Soul-singer James Brown, at Mayor White's request, played an equally powerful rôle by staying on Boston's TV for three and a half hours; the next night, on radio and TV, he cooled rioters in Washington.

What they did was probably of less importance than the fact of their presence which was the supreme indication of "caring," of wanting to lend stability at a moment of crisis. They also served to emphasize the need to mourn, the need for what Dr. Caplan calls "grief work" which is essential to healthy survival. Grief work amounts to facing a crisis in every stage of its overwhelming reality, being clear-headed when you're needed, and then accepting reality. At the peak of the dilemma, the greatest danger is letting the problem drift into the area of fantasy or of suppressing reality by working at one's regular job twice as hard as usual, shutting out the visceral need for mourning.

The great aim of crisis intervention is to provide leverage when it is most needed; postponing grief too long can result in mental or physical illness or both. "When a person is disequilibrated," explained Dr. Caplan, "a little effort goes a long way. A person in crisis is like a man standing on one foot; a slight push one way will force him to put his weight on both feet; without that push he may topple over."

After the acute phase of crisis, the overwhelming pain, depression, sense of loss, and even of anger, then, despite a continuing latent anguish which may endure for years, one assimilates an increasing ability to handle reality. This is a time to take a look at one's inherent capacities and resources; these are the human strengths with which we work. It is a time to seek out friends, to return to work—or find a work-substitute, in short to become a part of the world again. Memory is by no means blotted out; one simply addresses one's self to strength, takes advantage of strength, and, in this process, most people discover new levels of fortitude.

In community health programs, in industry, schools and colleges, government agencies, well baby clinics, surgical wards, et cetera, psychiatrists have guided programs that deal with such problems as bereavement, fear of surgery, premature births, police brutality, culture shock, serious long-term illness. The actual intervening in these crises is usually done by non-psychiatrists—social workers, nurses, some volunteers, and in Boston, at the moment, by a special group of well-adjusted non-professional widows who, by sharing the grief of new widows, help them to adjust. The psychiatrist's special talent is his ability to understand human behaviour, to resist the temptation of taking sides, and to avoid local power struggles.

Do some people have a predisposed ability to cope with crisis? The answer is a definite yes from both Dr. Caplan and Dr. Alan M. Elkins, a vigorous, innovating young psychiatrist based at St. Luke's Hospital Center on the edge of New York's Columbia University, the crux of an area where crises are more or less rampant. . . . Ego strength is the prime thing since the ego is the chief executive of personality, a small powerful computer in charge not only of seeing, hearing, knowing, but of selecting

to take it... how to handle it

BY ROSEMARY BLACKMON

and interpreting its observations, controlling instincts, and planning action. . . . Physical health and the economics of the situation have a definite bearing. So do faith and structured religion which prescribe certain approved patterns of response—the Catholic ingrained strength in accepting catastrophe, the Jewish week of mourning after death. Whatever is built in in advance becomes a sustaining force. For some people it may be, not religion, but a firm base of good interpersonal relations.

All of these may let you down, however, in the face of chaotic experience. What's needed then is an awareness that handling problems alone is not a true sign of strength, an awareness of the availability of help and how to get it, as well as the capacity to let people help you. In other words, the subject in crisis should find someone—pro or non-pro—to share his problem, but not to solve it for him; he must eventually assume an active rôle and arrive at his own solution.

At the very moment a crisis breaks, bright and competent people are often clear-headed, composed, and therefore able to take effective action. Although this means that feelings are repressed and grief work—postponed for the time being—must be dealt with later, this is a sign of ego-strength and a function of intelligence.

At the other extreme are the people who panic, who literally go to pieces when faced by crisis; they are simply not equipped with "coping mechanisms." High on the list are the children of schizophrenogenic parents who have by reason of inherited sensitivity and confused upbringing a tendency towards mental illness. Psychological ineptness can also be traced to bad or angry communication within a family and to disordered personal relationships in general. The final telling factor that prevents people from coping is their failure to realize the desirability of using others around them to help them live.

At present many such people live in big cities where there is little communication among members of a community. One promising project in Illinois provides mobile squads of crisis intervention agents, a psychiatrist, a nurse, a social worker, and a nonprofessional volunteer. They are alerted to dire crises in which the police have been summoned. The psychiatrist analyzes the situation, the nurse and social worker offer trained assistance; the volunteer's job consists of *being there*, of giving some sustenance to people on the brink of a new constellation of experience and of linking them with individual and agency sources of help.

Almost every one has had the experience—disturbing and often frustrating—of being appealed to by someone in deep emotional trouble. In societies or segments of society where tradition and ritual count heavily, the time-tested "wisdom of the people" takes over; certain forms that constitute worry work, grief work, even rejoicing occupy a significant span of time—not all of it, probably, since healthy grieving usually lasts from four to six weeks, but long enough to set the coping mechanisms in order. For most people, however, the agent of crisis intervention will be, at least in the initial stages, a member of the family or a friend who is not directly involved in the crisis.

To sustain that friend . . . and it could be You . . . we outlined with Dr. Elkins' signal aid a set of ground rules. When someone in crisis comes to you:

1. Keep your cool.
2. Remember that he doesn't necessarily want solutions . . . and don't offer them. Most of all the person in crisis wants to be listened to. Be there. Be a sounding board, and you will lend a certain stability to the situation.
3. Don't let your own reactions get in the way. . . . Remember that a person in crisis is not thinking very efficiently. Don't act out your own feelings.
4. Don't force the conversation . . . accept what's coming . . . realize that no one under stress acts properly.
5. Don't look for gratification—thanks, presents, appreciation. . . . At times of crisis all the ego functions "are up for grabs . . . perceptions are altered and impaired."
6. Don't get mad.
7. Avoid using someone else's misfortunes to make yourself feel better.
8. Have a cut-off point: when talking things out has gone on for an unreasonable period of time, say quite openly and frankly that you care very much and that you think the person in crisis should seek professional help *to solve his own problems;* they can not be solved for him.
9. DON'T TAKE ON TOO MUCH. . . . Remember that people who talk about suicide do commit suicide. The same goes for homicide. Fire-setting, especially in young boys, is a symptom of deep trouble. So are paranoid illusions, drug addiction, and alcoholism. (There's one exception worth noting here and that is the work—which can properly be called crisis intervention—done by Alcoholics Anonymous.)
10. Never play psychiatrist. By sharing a problem, you may be able to help someone work it out for himself and thus reconstruct his ego-strength. Listen and share; don't participate. (Continued on page 147)

Donna Selvaggia Borromeo d'Adda

HENRY CLARKE

FROM ITALY—
READY-GET-GO
COLLECTIONS

Italy's got it made—all that terrific dash you can dash right away with...off to a great-looking start on these eight pages. Donna Selvaggia Borromeo d'Adda, far left, daughter of Count and Countess Manolo Borromeo d'Adda, her striking good looks lighted by a jewelled deep-of-night dazzle—bronze-blaze pullover crusted in paillettes, long brown crêpe skirt. By Pino Lancetti. At Martha; I. Magnin. Jewellery, this page, by Bulgari. Principessa di Genzano, left, clear-browed Roman beauty, mother of two young sons...a charmer in serpentining black and white enamel jewels to twist anybody's arm—or waist—and a bare-shouldered black crêpe dress. Watch-head serpent bracelet and serpent belt—held, here, on a print pillow—by Bulgari. Dinner dress by Patrick de Barentzen. On both these pages: coiffures by Olivier of Rome; make-up by Gil of Max Factor. And extending across the background of all eight pages is the architect's studio of Signora Anna Laura Angeletti and Mr. Howard Dilday in Rome.

ITALY'S READY-GET-GO COLLECTIONS

Princess Ira Fürstenberg, above left, having just co-starred as a brunette in *The Vatican Story* with Walter Pidgeon, wigs into a new rôle—a sireny blonde. The time: evening. The dress: bareback black silk crêpe haltered and belted in silvery circlets. Evening dress by Galitzine. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Earrings by Kenneth Lane. Ring by Bulgari. Coiffure by Maria Teresa Corridone, with Princess Ira's own wig. Make-up: Franco Corridone. Virna Lisi's engaging sparkle charges her current film, *Tenderly*, and one now in-the-making with Anthony Quinn, *The Secret of Santa Vittoria:* lights up, here, two ready-get-go evening looks. Below left: a long-sleeved burst of red chiffon belted in red and black—to match the headband. Evening dress by Princess Luciana. At Sakowitz; Swanson's. Right: A snowfall of flowers over great yards of velvety white—and a bolero of flowers to toss on for chalet evenings (it's lined in white Mongolian lamb). A Ban-Lon turnout by Ken Scott, in ciréd nylon. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Here and left: Bulgari jewellery; coiffures by Alba and Francesca of Rome; make-up by Gil of Max Factor.

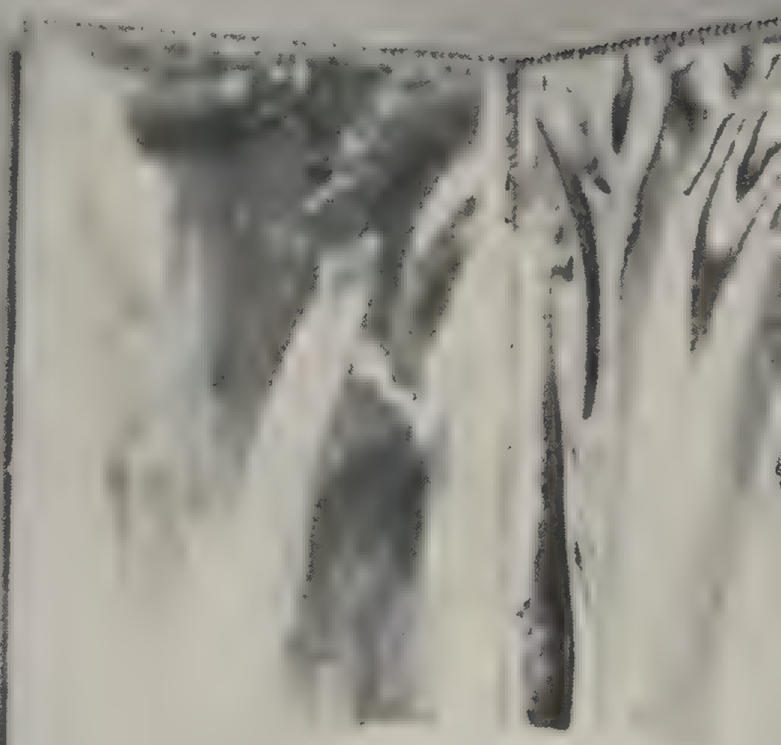
Princess Ira Furstenberg

Virna Lisi

HENRY CLARKE



Tina Aumont



HENRY CLARKE

ITALY'S READY-GET-GO COLLECTIONS

Great-eyed Tina Aumont, the romantically pretty daughter of the actor Jean-Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez who is starring in her first full-length rôle —the coming Italian film *Partner*—steps out here in three other new rôles, each a different length and each ready-get-go Italian.

Longer skirt, bolero, left, flinging out with Andalusian dash from the stone-studded cummerbund and white stock shirt—tiny bolero, checked pleats to the calf. Cadette suit and silk shirt. At I. Magnin. Fratti jewellery and belt, Giussani shoes: all for Cadette.

Demi-long redingote, pants, right above, and hunting season colour: red-green-orange checks ride from velvet collar past hacking pockets all the way to mid-calf—with a good long glimpse of the smooth, straight pants. Coat, shirt and pants by Ognibene Zendman, in Nattier wool. Mario Valentino shoes.

Short coat, short dress, right below: double-faced wool in Italy's readiest colour now—dove grey—with lilting collar, peplum, pockets, and a cut as soft as the shade. By Mila Schön, in Nattier fabric. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

On both pages: coiffures by Alba and Francesca of Rome; makeup by Gil of Max Factor.

ITALY'S READY-GET-GO COLLECTIONS

Madame Philippe Leroy

Madame Philippe Leroy, the wife of the French actor, adds quite a Gallic sparkle of her own to the Appian way of life. Left: black and white under black sharing its dash with Madame Leroy's own—just a swing of the arm and the double-faced coat unfurls to a white-striped black lining, a white-bibbed black dress beneath. By Antonelli Sport, in Nattier wool. I. Magnin. Below left: Etruscan orange under black snapping up some of the best lines around and worn here with great snap by Madame Leroy —the long belted jacket laps wide to one side; the dress skirts out fast to one big sharp pleat. By Enzo, in wool. Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. This page; Malerba stockings.

Mita Medici, at eighteen the lively star of Spinola's *L'Estate*, co-stars here with Italy's lively young knits. Right: belted vest and shorts under short coat; the long vest goes right to the thigh, with a thrust of white turtleneck above, smidge of shorts below, and a gilt-tracked coat over all to button up the whole look. All by Avagolf, in navy wool. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Stockings by Fama. Luini shoes. Above right: striped knit suit under stripes giving Mita Medici quite a run for her bright fresh-of-morning air—black, white, brown running straight down jacket and skirt, straight across yards of muffler. Suit and scarf by Mirsa. Suit, at Harzfeld's. On both pages: jewellery by Bulgari; coiffures by Alba and Francesca of Rome; makeup by Gil of Max Factor.

HENRY CLARKE


Mita Medici



The In-colour minks



Red, green, yellow, plaid—the mink's for real, the colour's pure fantasy. Four pages, four colours, four lengths of the new ideas in mink . . . a great put-on.

A coat to get all fired up about, opposite: flame-dyed mink with smoky black streaks going round and round from small rolled collar to just below the knee—here, snugged in close with a star-buckled, silvery-studded belt over fire-engine patent over-the-knee boots. By Christian Dior Furs, New York. At Swanson's; I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. The flicker of taupey-pink lipstick: Christian Dior #18. Flemming for Capri earrings. American Authentics bracelets. Belt by Bruce Rudow: Henri Bendel. Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Kickerino boots.

Designs on mink, this page: pale plaid dreamcoat in blue, grey, and white, belted in soft blue leather—short and smashing, running around with cuffed white patent pirate boots. An Emeric Partos design, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman, of Saga mink from Scandinavia: natural white mink stripes with blue-dyed Saga Black Cross mink. Gautier earrings. Echo stock. Belt by Elegant. Gloves by Viola Weinberger: Bergdorf Goodman. Capezio boots. Coiffures on these and the next two pages: François of Kenneth.

PENN

The In-colour minks



The chrome-yellow mink, left: a brilliant coat, beautifully tailored, with high small armholes, small fitted bodice, and skirt flared past the knee—closed up with shiny frog fastenings. Made to order by Maximilian, of dyed-yellow mink. Jack Gilbert earrings. Emily Wetherby stock. Grandoe gloves. Charles Jourdan shoes. The glittery buckle: Apex Art pin. Evening wrap-up, right: a little mink jacket, deep green banded in black—snug through the shoulders, cut full through the back. By Reiss & Fabrizio, of green-dyed Saga Black Cross mink from Scandinavia, with stripe inserts of Saga Black mink. Earrings and tiers of rings by Van Cleef & Arpels.



AMERICAN-MADE MAN-MADE

LEGS ON A NEW FOOTING

American science puts tomorrow's man-made materials right at—and on—your feet today with American Indian design, colours, embroideries, whooping it up to the waist on these ten pages. Indian fringed gaiters, left, in a new kind of fawn-pale suède—pure science, pure art, all the way from the glacé spat shoes to the waist-high stockings lozenged with Indian designs. Corfam shoes (about $27) and napped Corfam gaiters (to order), all by Mademoiselle. At Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson. Hanes stockings to the waist. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom Best. Indian-red-and-gold thigh boots, right: embroidered shimmer spirals up a marvellous length of suède against the golden fringed horizontal stripes romping above. Boots, in napped Corfam, by David Evins. $150. To order at I. Miller; I. Magnin. Romper by Sarff-Zumpano. $190 at Bergdorf Goodman. In the background Calder's "Shiva" draws a stabile pattern of its own across the sky. The coiffures, here and on the following eight pages, by François of Kenneth.

NORMAN PARKINSON



LEGS ON A NEW FOOTING—AMERICAN-MADE, MAN-MADE

Open vermilion boots on silvery clogs, below, lacing vivid suède over [illegible]e—a glint of beads at the side of each boot lights the nonstop vermilion run.... Billowing orange-and-pink pinafore stripes suspendered over billowy organdie sleeves. Napped Corfam boots by Mademoiselle. $75. To order at Lord & Taylor. Stockings to the waist by Adler; pinafore dress by Maggi B, $135—both, at Henri Bendel. Fringed lilac pumps bright with Indian beads, right, footing this season's chunky stacked heels, beaded bands buckle down the fringed flaps, a match for the stockings—navy over pink to the waist. Beaded pumps by Evelyn Schless. About $40. At Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr. Hanes navy stockings to the waist of Cantrece nylon over pink tights. Navy tights at Best & Co., Sakowitz; Nordstrom Best. Printed Orlon tunic by Gregory. $24 at Lord & Taylor


NORMAN PARKINSON



LEGS ON A NEW FOOTING:—
AMERICAN-MADE, MAN-MADE

Bright navy thigh-boots studded with Navajo silver
far left, from toe to clear-red heel and legging it
with light bravado over red rib-knit to the waist—
the laced blue leather doublet takes over, just as lightly,
from there. Du Pont nylon boots by Herbert
Levine. About $85. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus;
Joseph Magnin. Actionwear tights by Trimfit,
of Monsanto Blue C nylon. At Gimbels, New York.
Doublet by Sant' Angelo, at Bonwit Teller.
Shiny black thigh-boots striped with white scroll
above, dashing up to the thigh—the play of pattern
on pattern keeps going, in lace to the waist,
velvet to the huge sequined sleeves. Shiny Corfam
boots by Delman. About $100. To order, Bergdorf
Goodman, Nordstrom Best. Adler stockings to the
waist. [illegible] Rayon velvet knit
by Gregory, Inc. At [illegible] & Taylor.


Orange suède booted and spurred, riding it cowboy with quilting on the side — no livelier round-up for dark-patterned tights. Napped Corfam boots by Gala. To order at Henri Bendel. Cameo stockings to the waist. At Bergdorf Goodman, Jordan Marsh, Florida. Black rayon velvet tunic by Gregory, $38, Saks Fifth Avenue, Marvella grass.
NORMAN PARKINSON

Bright green playing Indian-file design, and whoop-stitching it alongside each leg—above shining golden medallions that buckle down soft brown doeskin. Embroidered stockings to the waist by [illegible] A Bergdorf Goodman. Sueded boots by Bernardo. About $24. At Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field.

LEGS ON A NEW FOOTING—
AMERICAN-MADE, MAN-MADE

Indian-buckled slippers, Indian-striped knickers, above, playing pattern changes to the hilt—printed snub pump beneath a buckle of brocade-patterned jewels, grey lacy stockings beneath embroidered knickers. Slippers by David Evins, in printed Corfam from the Fleming-Joffe Collection. About $50. At I. Miller; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Stockings to the waist by Belle-Sharmeer. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's. Platinum-grey suede knickers by Samuel Robert, with Aristocrat embroidery. $125. At Bonwit Teller.

Black-and-white boots anchored waist-high, right, with the side kick of Indian arrowhead design—patterned contrast striking it up, up, up past black flowered tights to big black and white zigs, big collar, big sleeves. Black and white Du Pont nylon boots by Herbert Levine, attached to its own belt. About $100. At Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel, Joseph Magnin. Round-the-clock stockings to the waist. At Franklin Simon. Bare-midriff shirt of cotton velveteen (Print Direction for Wamsutta). To order at Sibley, Coffee.

Also American-made, man-made—Don Case's large steel sculpture.

LEGS ON A NEW FOOTING—AMERICAN-MADE, MAN-MADE

NORMAN PARKINSON



the fashion under the fashion–news in the buff



The most winning underpinnings—lingerie that lets you wear less because it does more...lingerie all in a soft nude shade of buff, perfect under transparent fashions, under any fashion. Midriff whittler with a flare, left: lightly boned buff-colour nylon and Lycra cinch that smooths from below the bosom to below the waist, zips up the front, then falls in a lace-trimmed petticoat of Enka Crepeset nylon tricot (Burlington fabric). Detachable garters. Warner's. About $17. Bonwit Teller; Strawbridge & Clothier; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. The all-in-one, right, that fits and looks like a second skin—patterned buff Lycra plunged low in back, cut-up high on the leg. Detachable garters. Cadolle. About $25. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Both available September. White goatskin rug by Harmony Carpets. All six pages were photographed at the Robert Elkon Gallery; the background here is a steel sculpture by William Tucker.

NORMAN PARKINSON

Lingerie buffs
under the fashion

The brassière-slip, left—two straps do the job of four. Buff tricot with lightly padded Dacron cups and a flourish of lace at the hem. Olga; Antron nylon (Webco fabric). $13. September 15, at Lord & Taylor; Carson Pirie Scott; L. S. Ayres; J. W. Robinson. Fast mover, above—flippy, ruffled-hem culottes of buff-coloured crêpe tricot with an attached garter belt hidden underneath—all you need to wear under the shortest skirts and tunics. By Hollywood Vassarette. Of Enka Crepeset nylon and Lycra power net. $7. At Bonwit Teller; Joske's, San Antonio; Frederick & Nelson. In the background, "Water Lilies" by Patrick Caulfield. The smoothness under knits and jerseys, right, might come by way of a perfect little brassière of satin tricot with nothing added to ripple the surface. Matching buff pantie girdle with a controlling front panel. Both by Maidenform. Brassière, of Antron nylon with Lycra power net sides and back, about $5; girdle of Antron nylon and Lycra power net, about $7. At Best & Co.: Hudson's: Maas Bros., Florida; J. W. Robinson. Rug: Luten, Clarey & Stern. Alan Buchsbaum vinyl ottoman: Scarabeus (September).

NORMAN PARKINSON

More buff
under the fashion

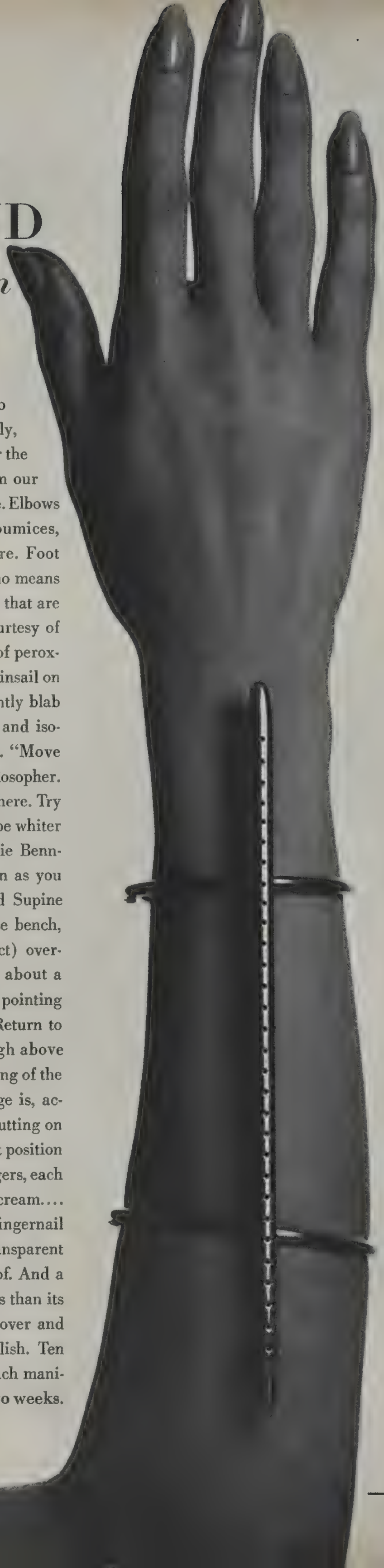
Buff from the waist down, above left—a nylon and Lycra power net pantie girdle with matching opaque nylon stockings attached. Jantzen, of Du Pont nylon. $7. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Shillito's. The bronze sculpture: Giacometti's Femme Debout III and Pièce Mythique by Jean Arp. Buff at the edge of the shoulders, lower left—lacy wide-set straps on a smooth, lightly padded brassière of buff nylon tricot with underwired three-quarter cups. Gossard. Du Pont nylon and Lycra power net. Dacron fiberfill cups. $5. Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Buff to below the waist, above, lightly boned braselette dipped low at the back with lace panels smoothing the way in front. The lacy cups are lightly padded; straps and garters detach. Vanity Fair, of Lycra power net. About $19. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Miller & Rhoads; I. Magnin. Sheer tights: Bonnie Doon. These pages: Neal Small plexiglas chair; Quasar Khanh vinyl raft, at Azuma; white goatskin rug from Harmony Carpets. Maury of Kenneth coiffures, these six pages.

NORMAN PARKINSON

THE WELL-ARMED HAND

How to put an arm on the soft touch, the hard nail....

Think of the women you most admire. How do they use their hands and arms? Definitively, delicately. Affirmatively, negatively. However the gesture it's meaningful. And how do we arm our arms? By keeping them sexily silky, of course. Elbows and fingers free of stain and roughness: pumices, lemons, loofahs, hemp mitts called for here. Foot cosmetics, the benefactions of which are by no means confined to the feet. (They smooth up elbows that are heels, too.) ...Absolutely devoid of hair. Courtesy of waxing. Or *looking* devoid of hair, courtesy of peroxide or a lightening hair rinse....Taut as a mainsail on top, where untended flab is apt to flamboyantly blab about age. Tautened by exercise, isometric and isotonic, that tone the muscles to fit the skin. "Move them, move them," said a French beauty philosopher. "*Remuez, remuez.* Don't just let them hang there. Try to keep your hands always upwards. They'll be whiter and veins will disappear." Press Anne-Marie Bennstrom's V-Bar, hold for six seconds, as often as you can....Or try an exercise exotically named Supine Tricep Extension. Lying on floor or exercise bench, raise barbell (or similar long weighty object) overhead until arms are completely extended, about a shoulder-width apart. Then, keeping elbows pointing upward, lower barbell down behind head. Return to starting position with barbell extended high above chest and repeat....Means to make a firm thing of the upper arm....Proper hand and arm massage is, according to the House of Revlon, similar to putting on a pair of long kid gloves. Rest arm in upright position on the elbows. Massage down from top of fingers, each finger separately, using any rich moisture cream.... And, speaking of Revlon, the Old Master of fingernail caretaking, they've invented lately some Transparent Nail Enamels that are absolutely streakproof. And a new Nail Mender—stronger, less ostentatious than its predecessor. Mending tissue and liquid go over and under nail, disappear under the palest polish. Ten fingers we know get it automatically with each manicure, nicks or no. So: **the manicure lasts two weeks.**



THE WELL-ARMED HEAD

TAKE CARE, TAKE CARE SAYS THE HAIR TO THE WEARER

Lucy Saroyan, there at the right:
great little caretaker she.
Does her own magnificent shawl of sunny blonde
hair, washes it circa twice a week.
In a shampoo with "lots of action." By which
she means lather. Brushes it constantly,
indeed carries brush in handbag.
"Brushing makes head feel better, hair look
better." Experimented with ringlets, abandoned
project. "Curls preclude casual brushing."
Comb fits into her schedule after brushing
for the arrangement detail.
Brilliant arranger here: a dessert-plate sized
Paco Rabanne round bathroom comb—
peigne de salle de bains. *Beautiful disc, hand-*
made in France and in several colours.

"We've seen the heyday of hair," said Kenneth.
"Now we're in ramu *with the shape of the head."*
*(*Ramu, *we learned, means not only Kenneth's*
stimulating new fragrance—but, in Sumerian,
"love.") ...Kenneth, the genius, great hair care-
taker he. In ramu *with exercise for the hair;*
exciting the scalp, by massage or by brushing,
head down. In ramu *with hair bounce and flounce.*
Now enabling non-clients to take care at home
by bottling his own hair-health formulae for
shops about the land.
Kenneth's Salon Formula hair conditioner
comes in two varieties.
One for normal or tinted hair,
the other for hair in trouble.
Both to take up five minutes of hair time...
and conditioning, insists The Master, should
take place once a week.
Without fail.
Kenneth's new Salon Formula setting lotion
comes in two formulae, too. One for the
naughty, and one for the well-behaved hair.
Sprays on. Not only sets hair without
diminishing its glow, but has been found by
Kenneth's clients to make combing hair in place
day after set a much more rivetting experience.
Hair that "sheens and shines." That's what
Kenneth's in ramu *with....*

MULAS

BERRY BERENSON

BEAUTY *bulletin*

"The purest jewels" is what they call them. And they go on the surest arms, the surest fingers. Certain chief shakers among Italian art-quakers convened, designed...and named themselves Gem. See left, and below right, a "Gem" of Amalia del Ponte. Silver bracelets, to which are attached plexiglass elements, as on left arm, or plexiglass sphere, as on right arm. Both: Bonwit Teller. See the ring, second down left. Four silver capsules for the forefinger, by Ettore Sottsass. ...See the enamelled shield on the arm below, a silver bracelet with a coloured and pierced enamel oval, by Lucio Fontana....See another assertive forefinger ring, lower left. Part silver, part gold, by Arnaldo Pomodoro....See how they can arm the wearer, disarm the observer.

THE WELL-ARMED ALL-OF-YOU

The well-armed torso.

Armed by exercise. Lately, in certain swinging circles, by insidious party games that keep you moving relentlessly. Milton Bradley's demoniacal "Twister" keeps well-armed torsos on all fours—hands and feet, no knees allowed....Armed, more and more, by swimming. "Ideal exercise," still another doctor recently told us. "Swim three lengths of a good-sized pool per day." ...Armed by lack of cellulite, that strange peau d'orange *fat that afflicts upper arms, thighs, hips; controllable by kneading massage and vigorous brushing....Armed here by a necklace by Lucio Fontana; elastic collar, silver backbone. Another Gem....*

MULAS

THE *well-kept* FOOT

how to have it...what it means to health and beauty

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

The foot, if you pardon the pun, is the stepchild of the body. It is that part of our anatomy which works the hardest and which we mistreat the most. Like the wicked stepmothers of Grimm's fairy tales, we disdain the foot, we exploit it, we abuse it, we disown it. We exile it from the rest of our body, as did Alice in Wonderland when she grew tall after swallowing the magic cake and had this patronizing conversation:

> "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on
> your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I
> shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself
> about you; you must manage the best way you can . . ."

Like Alice, we enjoy pretending that our feet aren't *really* part of us, we disinherit them as rightful heirs to our concern and care. This ostracism may be the most uncomfortable aspect of our exertion to be attractive to men. It begins with the vanity of adolescence, as any doctor can testify and most women remember. It originates with our efforts to make feet look dainty, small, sharply differentiated from the feet of men. Just another ruse to boost the frail male ego.

I speak for much of my generation when I say that large feet, rather than pimples, flat breasts, or the period, were the bane of our teen-age years. Vitamins and improved diets had given us the largest feet in the history of womankind, but society just wasn't ready for them. "Throw away those red shoes," our mothers used to say, "they make your feet look gigantic." "That high vamp," a precocious beau said to me in dancing school, "makes your foot look like a tugboat." Girls growing up in the late forties with size 9 shoes felt that their feet, if not the size of tugboats, were at least the size of tennis rackets—hostile and shameful objects to be camouflaged and tortured into smallness. We spent much of our free time, a desolate nine-and-a-half-sized classmate and I, roaming the city in search of shoes that would force our feet to conform to the aesthetic canons of the past: dainty, cute, quaint, the way poets described them:

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice, stole in and out . . ."
>
> "She passed the sally-gardens
> With little snow-white feet . . ."

It has taken my generation some years to fathom the most uncomfortable irony of the fashion industry: the very shoe styles which we favour to make our shod feet look sexy—the pointed toe, the spike heel, the restrictive size—are the instruments of torture that make our naked feet look so unsexy. We now have gone through nearly a half century of exhibiting our shoe-deformed feet, our bunions, corns, callosities, hammer toes and other misfortunes on public beaches. And it is extraordinary that we have not yet acknowledged the fact that in order for our naked feet to become beautiful, we must forget about our shod feet looking small. I'm here to say: forget the small foot. The cute, small foot is out; the large foot is in.

THE LARGE FOOT IS IN. These comforting words recently headlined the advertisement of a prominent New York shoe store, when it announced that it would henceforth carry all its styles through size 11. 11 is said to be the shoe size of two outstanding women of fashion, Jackie Kennedy and cover girl Veruschka. The *average* American fashion model, these days, wears only a size 9½. My childhood friends and I, victims of the small-foot-is-sexy myth, can only feel that we were born three decades too early; and that the acceptance of large-footed women is the most belated aspect of our emancipation.

Leonardo referred to the human foot, that intricate mechanism composed of 26 bones, 33 joints, 19 muscles, and 107 separate ligaments, as "the greatest engineering device in the world." The word "engineering" is apt. Our feet contain one quarter of all the bones in our body! Think of the resilience and the tensility of the foot; its capacity to support an incredible amount of pressure per square inch; the ballet dancer's ability to focus her whole weight upon the muscles of one pointed toe; the foot's effect upon the health

of our entire body. Spinal ailments, headaches, circulatory diseases, digestive upsets and extreme fatigue are only some of the afflictions that can occur when the balance of this delicate engine is upset.

The foot is the drudge, the hardest-working part of the body, and that is perhaps why we do not have as tender a concern for its natural appearance as we have for our hair, our eyes, our hands, our waists, our skins. The very utilitarianism of the foot may dictate our disdain for it. Feet are the "conveniences" in the architecture of the body, as kitchens and bathrooms are in the house. And who, until recently, ever showed off their kitchens and bathrooms to visitors? It is significant that the Greeks, who never divorced utilitarianism from aesthetics, even in their humblest household objects, and who considered every part of the anatomy as beautiful, developed a very precise aesthetic of the naked foot.

The Greeks' aesthetic canon dictated that the second toe, in the ideally beautiful foot, should be a half inch longer than the big toe. (This anatomical deformation, called "Morton's Foot" by modern doctors, would have been very painful if the Greeks had been a shoe-wearing nation.) It is significant that the feet of Greek women, as depicted in sculpture and in vase-painting, are fully as large as those of men, and emphasize the beauty of very long, very straight toes. Whether they belong to Artemis, to Athena, or to the dancing maenads, the feet of women in Greek art do not have the passive, mincing character demanded by the tastes of later epochs. Quite to the contrary, they express vigour, authority, mobility, ease, athletic prowess . . . they would be a model for the feet of twentieth-century women if only our attitude towards feet were consistent with our way of life.

As evidenced by such common expressions as, "You've got to put your foot down," or "I am at your feet," the foot has always been a potent symbol of authority. It is tempting to construe a social history upon the varying demands which men have put on women's feet. It can not be a coincidence that the large, vigorous feet of Greek women were admired by a democratic culture which gave women a liberal amount of sexual and intellectual freedom. Whereas the ideal of small-footedness was carried to perverse extremes in the authoritarian and anti-feminist culture of Imperial China.

The custom of Chinese footbinding, which was strictly outlawed in the 1920's by the revolutionary régimes which overthrew the Manchu monarchy, started about 1,000 years ago during the Sung dynasty. It demanded that all girls in families of rank be subjected to an extremely painful process that would eventually reduce their foot to a grotesque length of three or four inches. At the age of seven a girl's feet were tightly bandaged, her toes were curved into her soles at the risk of much infection and bleeding; her natural arch was ultimately bent, when she reached womanhood, into a U-shaped, hook-like form. The implications of this custom were legion. The "bound" foot, as against the vulgar "natural" foot, became the most powerful symbol of feminine seductiveness and of social status. The tighter the bindings, the tinier the feet, the more immobile and house-bound a woman was forced to be, the more assured her husband was of her chastity. Bound feet gave women a mincing, wobbly, swaying little walk which was said to greatly tighten their vaginal muscles. The bound foot also became an important erotic element in love-play. Our psychiatrists have a field day theorizing on the sadistic joy with which Chinese men squeezed the already painful woman's foot and enjoyed its fragrance. Finally, as Veblen pointed out, the bound foot became a powerful symbol of economic status: the tiny-footed woman was incapable of any physical exertion; she even had to be carried from her door to her carriage during her infrequent outings; she obviously had to have wealth and a number of servants to survive.

The need to stress women's inferiority by this barbaric custom may have been caused, above all, by the extra-frail egos of Chinese men. "The bound foot," a Chinese husband wrote at the turn of the century, "is a condition of a life of dignity for man, of contentment for women. I am timid, and my voice plays me false in the gatherings of men. But to my footbound wife, confined for life to her house except when I bear her in my arms to her palanquin, my stride is heroic, my voice is that of a lion, my wisdom is of the sages."

"Shoe fetishists," a psychiatrist told me, "are very, very sick people. If you ever see a man stare fixedly at your shoe for some time . . . boy, he's in trouble. A sexual fetish, as you know, is an object required for potency by a man who can't face up to the real thing, often because of fear of castration. Shoes and gloves are the most common objects of sexual fetishism. The hand in the glove, the foot in the shoe, represent the male and female organs. They're symbols of insertion. And it's reasonable that the ultra-feminine shoe, the pointed-toe, high-heel type, is a more potent fetish than a sensible laced brogue.

"Foot fetishism," the psychiatrist went on casually. "Well that's a more subtle, complicated thing, more of a historical variable. In the old days, particularly in Victorian times, when the female body was heavily cloaked, the glimpse of a bared ankle was a most exciting thing. But nowadays, when you're used to seeing girls in miniskirts and bikinis, with the whole leg and more showing, what's a foot? However, the foot remains an object deeply imbued with sexual connotations. There's the remembrance of early sexual stimulation through the feet. Children receive extreme pleasure through the handling of their feet; it is, after all, the most sensitive area of nerve-endings in the body. Any such particularly sensitive area is heavily invested with erotic connotations. And with any highly erogenous area you get guilt, fear of punishment, the restrictive aspect of sensuality. People get guilty, or disdainful, about their feet just because feet *are* so potentially sexy.

Finally, there is the desire on the part of the sexes for an extreme sexual identification. The more afraid a man is of his potency, the more extreme he desires the identification to be. Size equals power equals potency. The man does not want the woman to look powerful and potent. He wants to assert woman's subjugation, and his power, by having all parts of her—hands, feet, waist, all except the breasts—be delicate, small, dainty. And women play the game. They're involved with the idea of submission, they want to be subjugated, and that's why they try their damnedest to have dainty feet. I prefer large feet, myself, as long as they're sleek and pretty—but then, I'm normal."

"Vanity, vanity," the chiropodist said. "It's women's vanity, and nothing else, that deforms their feet. If we relied on male clientele, we'd starve. Only one out of eighty patients in my office is a man, and they mostly come in because they've been monkeying around with a toenail. Women start torturing their feet in adolescence, when they decide that they want them to look smaller, or when they begin wearing high heels to look more feminine. There is some incidence of native mal- (Continued on page 145)





PATIÑO LAND

THE ASTONISHING COMPLEX OF GARDENS, HOUSES, TREASURES, ART, FOUNTAINS, FARMS CREATED BY THE ANTENOR PATIÑOS FROM A BARREN VALLEY IN PORTUGAL

ARTICLE BY VALENTINE LAWFORD PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

To the world at large the name of Patiño is synonymous with phenomenal South American riches, derived originally from the family's one-time ownership of the tin mines of Bolivia, now Bolivian national property. In France, where Monsieur Antenor Patiño has spent the greater part of his life, and in England, where he was Bolivian Representative during World War II, he is respected as a connoisseur and collector of furniture and great works of art. To those who know Monsieur and Madame Patiño well, they are exceptionally generous, modest, active, and attractive people who have found, in an ideally congenial second marriage, a life full of interests shared.

Of all the possessions of the Patiños today—ranging from a superb *hôtel particulier* in Paris to a whole wild peninsula north of Acapulco in Mexico—their summer country house in Portugal best reflects their compatibility. The house, the estate, the life they lead there, and the atmosphere they provide for their children and grandchildren and friends are their joint creations.

Fifteen years ago, Monsieur Patiño acquired a two-hundred-acre tract of largely uncultivated land at Alcoitao, about a mile from the coastal resort of Estoril near Lisbon. The property, consisting of a semicircle of hills sloping steeply south to form a broad valley opening out towards the sea, was strikingly picturesque; but, except for a sparse growth of scrub, the hills were bare. Even the valley was waterless. Today this tract is a flourishing, increasingly luxurious, all but self-supporting estate, where the Patiños like to spend each year from mid-July to the end of September, with flying visits in the months between. The place is called a *quinta*, or farm. In plain fact, however, it comprises a private countryside of such luxuriance, dominated by a country house of such magnificence that the whole can only adequately be described as a miniature rural principality.

The once arid uplands are green with plantations of pine and cork and olive, every single tree set in its own pocket of rich earth transported from the fertile neighbouring district of Sintra. (Continued on page 133)

MONSIEUR ANTENOR PATIÑO, left, *with a cluster of enchanting granddaughters, at the Children's House. On his lap, Cristina Schneider; near the French windows, Silvia and Beatriz de Castellane, sun-glowed in an evening shaft of light. Quinta Patiño,* above, *a shimmering white complex, on a hillside spired by cypresses, near Estoril.*

MADAME BEATRIZ PATIÑO, above, *the wife of Antenor Patiño, in a corner of the petunia garden, one of a sequence of terraced gardens at Quinta Patiño; here, blue plumbago garlands a cork tree and an exuberance of pink pelargonium spills from tall stone urns.*
In the tapestried salon, right, *one of the treasures of the house, a French seventeenth-century commode has blue panels and rare glass, some gilded inside, some sequinned in copper paillettes, and tracings of silver, gold, and gilt bronze.*

HORST

DEPART
DE



THE LIBRARY OF QUINTA PATIÑO, left, *sumptuous, blazed in gilt, filled with deep shadows, and lined with books from the Royal collections of France and Spain, is a replica of a hall of the famous library of the University of Coimbra. On the Savonnerie carpet, made for Louis XIV, stand tasselled* tabourets de duchesse *by Foliot and an eighteenth-century French writing table encrusted in copper and tortoiseshell. Hanging against gold-tooled bindings,* above, *a luminous double portrait, perhaps of a young Duke of Saxony with a female relative, by Lucas Cranach the Elder, court painter to Elector Frederick the Wise of Saxony.*



THE SALON OF QUINTA PATIÑO, right, *an extravagance of eighteenth-century craft and dazzle, holds pieces by some of the great* artisans privilégiés *to the Crown of France. Jean-Jacques Caffieri,* bronzier *to Louis XV, designed the firedogs, swirls of rococo boars' heads on the hearth* (*detail* above). *On the mantel, a gilt rhinoceros balancing a clock. Chairs by the master cabinetmaker Nicolas Heurtaut surround a gilded table, its cabriole legs coiled in fork-tongued serpents. On the walls, a magnificence of Beauvais tapestry, fifteen panels of the adventures of Don Quixote.*

HORST





PATIÑO LAND

(Continued from page 125)

Thousands of blue-flowering agapanthus carpet the ground beneath the pines. Lucerne, to feed the cattle, grows lush under the olives. Groves of orange and lemon and a large orchard planted with espaliered apple trees line the lower slopes. High arches of grape vine shade the approach to the farm building, stables, and poultry yard.

An indoor and outdoor staff of more than one hundred are employed at the *quinta* which includes among its separate units an idyllic children's house (with accommodation for fourteen) on its own hillside and a sixteenth-century chapel brought stone by stone from a poverty-stricken Portuguese hamlet where, when Monsieur Patiño found it, it was in imminent danger of collapse or demolition.

Several miles of private roads, every day immaculately raked, serpentine over hill and dale linking the main house with its dependencies. A lake shines in the heart of the valley. In a lesser valley a deep stream courses among lawns and borders. On one of several formal upper terraces, intricate parterres of scrolled topiary boxwood frame a pair of over-lifesize statuary groups by Falconet. Along the stone parapets, hundreds of vases overflow with massive bouquets of pale-pink pelargonium. On the topmost terrace fountains sway in the wind all summer long.

Set on the crest of the highest hill of all, Monsieur and Madame Patiño's house crowns the whole stupendous complex of terraces and parterres, outdoor staircases, arcades, and pavilions that lead successively down to the groves, gardens, and orchards and to the valley below. The house incorporates such a beguiling variety of traditional Portuguese seventeenth and eighteenth century architectural features and decorative motifs and is in such mature and classical accord with its surroundings that it is inconceivable that it should have existed for less than two twentieth-century decades.

Quinta Patiño is widely visible from afar. It looks almost superciliously down at the horizon. Yet the closer one approaches it, the less self-consciously majestic it seems. Viewed from the second highest formal terrace, the house has the air less of a palace than of a pavilion: Its upper storey alone is visible, and appears deceptively to rest on the ground. From the nearest terrace of all, it is no more than an appropriate background for its fountains.

Any visitor with the slightest knowledge of the Patiños' wealth and tastes is prepared to be impressed by the contents of this house that they have built and furnished and continuously added to over recent years. One is indeed impressed, but still more captivated and enchanted.

From beneath one of a row of arches on the far side of the two-storeyed hall, Rembrandt's 1635 painting of his wife Saskia as Minerva stares one straight in the face as one enters the front door. Two Canaletto views of Venice can just be seen over the carved stone balustrade of the upper landing. The plain white walls of the hall are all but covered by immense eighteenth-century Italian flower paintings, including three notable flower pieces—with bird, with dragonfly, with parakeet—by Guardi.

Yet this hall (Continued on page 136)







TREASURES AT QUINTA PATIÑO, left, *against a dado of* azulejos *in the entrance hall. Rembrandt's portrait of his flaxen-haired wife, Saskia, whom he painted in 1635 as the goddess Minerva, hangs above an elaborate gilt Régence console holding rare Kang H'si vases.*
Right, top to bottom: *In a formal garden, a woman gardener raking a pink gravelled pathway reaching through mazes of clipped yews and boxwood from an ancient tiered fountain. The donkey carriage, a special delight for the Patiño grandchildren, taking Silvia and Beatriz de Castellane to the Children's House from the swimming pool. A façade of Quinta Patiño, its broad stairway dipping to a marble basin played with fountains. In the hall, one of the housemaids—there are two for each guest room—carrying polished shoes on a white wicker tray.*

HORST

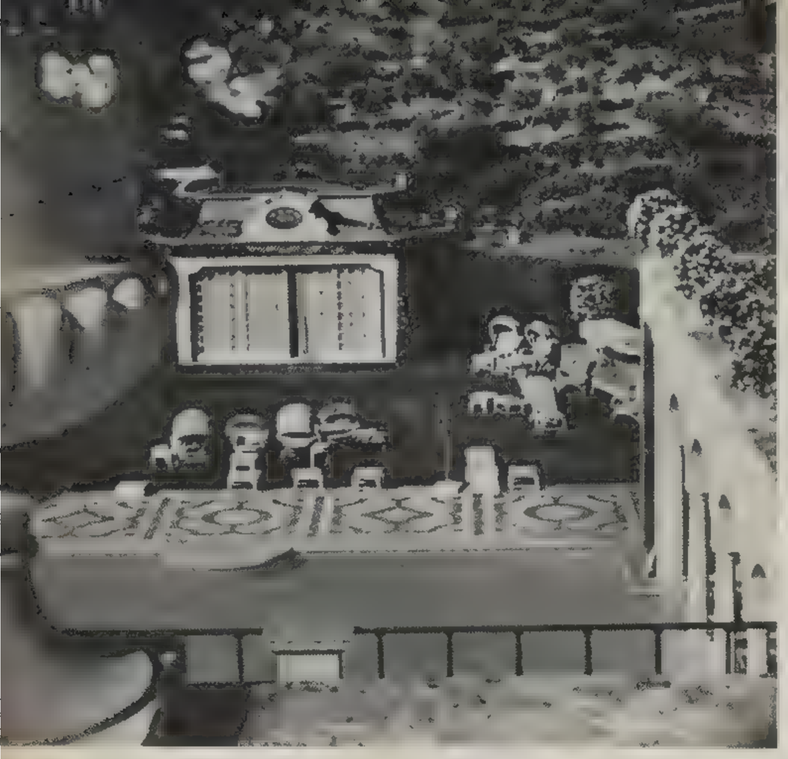
QUINTA PATIÑO,
a world apart,
holds countless pleasures for
living, both indoors and out.
Near right, above: *The*
private cinema, for instance,
its anteroom lined with
a panorama of four immense
equestrian portraits of
eighteenth-century rulers.
Near right, below:
Before lunch, a footman
carries a tray, head-borne,
from the house through
a garden of mauve and white
petunias to the pool.
Centre, above: *Cool—*
a refreshment of azulejos,
the motif caught in
a Portuguese carpet—
Madame Patiño's bedroom
has silk hangings the colour
of iced peaches with white,
designed by Georges Geffroy,
and is accented by Louis XV
furniture, masses of flowers.
Centre, below: *Before dinner,*
guests often gather in this
small salon, a joy of blue tiles,
books, drawings of the family,
and a matchless collection
of Caprichos *by Goya.*
Far right, above:
On a terrace,
one of a pair of sculptures,
"La Pêche," by Falconet.
Far right, below: *In the*
study of Antenor Patiño,
a detail of a superb
Soho tapestry; its figure,
its animals, bizarre,
attenuated, fantastical.

















PATIÑO LAND

(Continued from page 133) is more than a background for exceptional works of art. Refreshingly cool and shadowy to a traveller coming in from the glare and dust of the outside world, it smells of furniture polish and floor wax, roses and tuberoses: a combined scent that is as indicative of indoor luxury as the just perceptible extra glint on the dark wood of the hall table and the smooth red bricks under one's feet. It seems only normal that a visitor, looking up after he has signed the guest book, should catch sight of a saint by El Greco, half-hidden behind the open front door, and, moving on into the adjoining salon, should learn in passing from his host that the large portrait of a rooster that hangs beside the salon door was painted by Goya.

In the salon, the furniture and objects even more than the paintings catch and hold the eye. Fifteen panels of still brilliantly fresh-coloured eighteenth-century Beauvais tapestry, depicting events from the story of Don Quixote, line the walls. And subtly grouped to form a beautiful and practical series of lesser rooms-within-a-room is what must surely be one of the most dazzling collections of seventeenth and eighteenth century French pieces contained in a single room in a private house in Europe today.

At one end of the salon, a door leads into the library: a reproduction on a smaller scale of one of the halls of the splendidly ornate library of the University of Coimbra. The massive ceiling, the many pairs of columns that support it, tapering boldly away towards their base, the shelves on the walls and the shutters in the windows, are all painted black-green, with carvings and mouldings and chinoiserie decorations picked out in gold.

Against this dark background, every superb piece of furniture in the room is seen to its best advantage. Yet it is as though the whole library and its contents had been designed purely and simply as a setting for one relatively small painting hanging against the bookshelves: a dual portrait by Lucas Cranach the Elder. Of all the paintings in the Quinta Patiño, this is Monsieur and Madame Patiño's favourite. It has the place of honour in this treasure-filled library, where it (Continued on page 141)

THE POOL OF QUINTA PATIÑO, right, *with a wall tiled in* azulejos: *eighteenth-century figures of sea gods above a shell-shaped font. On the terrace, looped with a pink arcade, stands a Florentine table, its surface a jewel of* pietra dura *holding a Portuguese silvered swan.*
Left, top to bottom: *One of two pavilions designed for the Patiños by Valerian Rybar in the eighteenth-century Portuguese manner. At the stables, a tackroom with sets of harness of black leather and silver, the last ones made—especially for the father of Antenor Patiño —by Hermès, in Paris.*
Silvia and Beatriz de Castellane, Madame Patiño's grandchildren, at the swimming pool. House plants and trellises in one of the greenhouses of Quinta Patiño.

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what today's dressing is all about. Look at some Manhattan street scenes: ***Windsor Elliott,*** a swashbuckler in dove-grey buckskin—greatcoat, wide pants, huge sweep of black-dyed muskrat muff and head puff. Leather pants tailleur, $425 from Casa Cuero, 202 E. 61st St. Furs from Harold Rubin, 1186 Third Avenue. . . . ***Jane Hoffman*** (far left) expressing military might—chrome-zipped and buckled black corduroy, $105, by Betsey Johnson for Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Avenue. . . . ***Ann Lichter*** (left centre) in the waif look—irresistible. Weskit and ankle duster skirt of grey flannel, $45, from Bedlam, 817 Madison Avenue. . . . ***Jane again*** (near left), different day, different mood—all neat, natty. Orange nylon windbreaker by Emmanuelle Khanh; $28, from Gavroche, 827 Madison Avenue. Shoes: Latinas, 769 Madison Avenue. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS, OPPOSITE, BY:
BERRY BERENSON, ROBINSON, HOGENBOOM

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JACK ROBINSON

More about the mound of muff and mass of Cossack hat worn by Windsor Elliott on the boutique page before this—black-dyed muskrat by the yard. Keeps you warm too. Muff of black-dyed muskrat $125, hat same, $95. From Harold Rubin, 1186 Third Avenue. . . .

Carol Cole and the weskit (below). Like a lot of the top young theatrical talents who live half West- half East- coast lives, Carol understands the Jax message—the kind of stuff you wear there, here, always easy. . . . Buttercup wool jersey weskit and dirndl skirt, and big-sleeved silk shirt. $85. Jax, 7 W. 57th St.



Paris: Valentino



the chic sheik from Rome now has a small. luxe outpost in Paris—a boutique decorated by Valerian Rybar in brown, beige. zebra. clear Lucite, and trim steel—and filled with the luxurious boutique dresses, handbags, belts, scarfs that Valentino designs in Rome. Valentino (left), watching the décor rise. And (below) surrounded by his bevy of Parisian partners, Minouche le Blan. Claudine de Cadaval. Isabelle de Castellane. Laïs Gouthier. Valentino is at 42 avenue Montaigne.



Jackson, Mississippi: This is where you can write and get great-looking shoulder-bag pouches—a large dark brown suède with flap over closing for $25; or a long drawn out roomy drawstring one in navy blue, or bronze, or lacquer red suède for $17.95. And besides you're helping to sponsor and prosper an American craft produced by the Poor People's Corporation. And that's great too. The prices include postage. Liberty House, P. O. Box 3468, Jackson, Mississippi, 39203.

Rome: snips from The Whip—nifty zebra shoulder bags and the widest belt in Rome, buckled big in brass . . . some of the latest stuff from this well-known leather boutique. The Whip, Via San Sebastianello, 7/A. . . .

GIANI LAMI



Patiño Land

(Continued from page 136)

glows like a rare jewel.

The furniture of the dining room is as noble as that in any other room, but since the Quinta Patiño is specifically a house for the summer months, formal meals in the dining room are comparatively unusual events. More often, lunch is served under the long arcade beside the swimming pool, or in one or the other of two pavilions recently designed for the Patiños by Valerian Rybar in the eighteenth-century Portuguese taste. In the evenings tables are laid for dinner in the loggia on the south side of the house, or under an awning on the topmost terrace, or in the subterranean private cinema, or inside an immense grotto on the way down to the gardens.

Every detail of the household arrangements is supervised by Madame Patiño. No housekeeper is employed, either at the *quinta* or at any other of the houses.

The Patiños' headquarters are in France but they travel frequently—to London, Rome, and Florence in search of paintings and objets d'art; and to Mexico where they own, in addition to the peninsula north of Acapulco, a hotel of more than a thousand rooms in Mexico City.

Except for two weeks in July, which the Patiños spend alone at the *quinta* before the arrival of their guests and grandchildren, they are constantly entertaining. Madame Patiño's housekeeping problems must be both complex and large scale, yet she never appears to be rushed or preoccupied. Her manner with her staff is as easy and seemingly effortless as with her friends.

At the *quinta*, except on formal occasions, Madame Patiño dresses simply: usually in a dress of a single pale colour—blue or yellow or pink or apricot—with a small scarf of the same colour on her head whenever, as is the rule rather than the exception in Portugal, there is a breeze. She is an extremely pretty woman, with a clear skin and grey hair and light-blue eyes. Underlying and accentuating her good looks is a native dignity, an indestructible *tenue*.

Madame Patiño was born Beatriz de Rivera, a member of the same family as General Primo de Rivera, who was Prime Minister to Alphonso XIII, the last King of Spain. She was first married to an Italian, Conte di Rovasenda, who was the father of her two daughters: Contessa Marie-Hélène di Rovasenda, formerly married to Monsieur Pierre Le Blan, and Isabella, the wife of Comte Henry-Jean de Castellane. Though she had known Monsieur Patiño for many years, they were not married until 1960.

The Patiños were married comparatively late in life and have clearly found exceptional happiness. Looking through the family albums at the Quinta Patiño, a guest can hardly fail to be struck by the number of photographs of Beatriz and Antenor Patiño together, in which they have the unmistakable air of a honeymoon couple. And for once the mutual admiration and occasional self-absorption of two human beings no longer young seem a gift from the gods.

Small and slender but strong, gentle but redoubtable, immensely considerate but undeniably authoritative, Antenor Patiño seldom raises his voice but his orders are immediately carried out and his wishes are naturally respected. He has a twinkling eye and a wide smile; he is nobody's fool. He is not only a rich man who can afford the services of experts, but something of an expert himself, cultured, knowledgeable, enterprising, and original—and, as the professional decorators whom he employs know, no mean decorator in his own right.

Monsieur Patiño loves his possessions and his Portuguese property in particular. He is an expert horseman. His figure is trim, his clothes are neat, his movements have a youthful rapidity and precision. One of his greatest pleasures is to take his guests for a drive around the estate, in a little Fiat with a fringe on top, rounding one hairpin bend after another on two wheels rather than four. A guest has the feeling of having

(Continued on page 142)



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Patiño Land

(Continued from page 141)

entrusted his safety to a boy who has just passed his driving test.

Like his wife, Antenor Patiño has a weakness for the young. He has done much, in particular, for the young of his country of origin, Bolivia. All the Bolivian property remaining to him since the nationalization of the tin mines has been given by him to a Student Foundation directed by the Patiño family, with a branch in Geneva that arranges for Bolivian students of art, medicine, and engineering—thirty to forty at a time—to be trained at one or another of the best-known universities in Europe. The foundation clothes them, feeds them, finances them, and pays for their winter sport vacations.

The *quinta,* for the Patiños, is a place that offers endless possibilities for improvement. In the last six months they have added a breakfast room and a dressing room to their own eastward-facing private apartments. They have built a terrace, invisible from below, outside the upper-floor guest rooms, a sauna and a massage room and whirlpool baths. They already have a number of further plans, notably the planting of vineyards on the slopes, and the eventual production of their own private brand of wine.

In the meantime, on September 6, the *quinta* in all its incomparable beauty is to be the setting for a ball to which the Patiños have invited more than a thousand guests. Since they are famous for the perfection of every entertainment that they organize, the Patiño Ball of 1968 promises to be one of the most memorable international balls of the century.

The decoration has been entrusted to a team of two designers, one American and one French. Valerian Rybar of New York and Paris—who has designed many of the latest additions to the Quinta Patiño—and Jean-François D'Aigre—the young Frenchman who was responsible for the decoration of the Guy de Rothschild ball at Ferrières in 1966.

Their designs are at present a guarded secret, but rarely has so much research been carried out by two designers, or so much attention been given to details by a host and hostess in preparation for any twentieth-century ball or fête. The décor has been planned as a homogeneous whole in keeping with the Portuguese site and spirit of the estate. The house and terraces will be exclusively candle lit.

Dancing will take place on the two topmost terraces. On the upper terrace, under a vast tented pavilion, guests will dance around the central *pièce d'eau* and its fountains. On the lower terrace, the dance floor will be open to the sky above, and framed below by the illuminated groves and gardens. The occasion of the ball is being taken to install a permanent lighting system throughout the property; and, for the first time, the potentialities of the entire complex of descending terraces, from the house to the swimming pool, will be exploited to the full.

The servants' liveries are being made in Italy. One of the dance bands will be American. Certain components of the decoration will come from France, Germany, the United States, and Hong Kong. But it is characteristic of the Patiños that they should have insisted that the plate and china, glasses and linen, candelabra and sconces, chairs and carpets, all especially designed for the evening, should be made in Portugal by Portuguese craftsmen.

Antenor and Beatriz Patiño are aware of the possible objections to their giving an international ball of such magnitude at the present time. If, in spite of their doubts, they have decided to go ahead with the arrangements planned a full year ago, it has been largely because they believed that by so doing they would not only give pleasure to their friends in Portugal and abroad, but also help the Portuguese tourist industry and provide work for a considerable number of the citizens of the ancient, attractive country where they have made their summer home.

Among the Patiños' latest projects, one of the most cherished has been the establishment in the nearby village of Alcoitao of a crêche where women can leave their children for the day when they go to work—with an employment bureau to help the women to find jobs.

Of the innumerable memories that a visitor carries away with him after a stay at the Quinta Patiño, one of the most pleasing and enduring is likely to be that of the look of serious, almost rapt, content on the stolid, sunburnt faces of the Patiños' Portuguese staff: the head gardener on his tractor, the *caseiro* delivering produce every morning from the farm, and the ancient, long since retired workers who are still allowed to perform their tasks, at their own request—raking the dirt roads or sitting in a shady corner of the petunia garden polishing the top of a marble bench among the flowers. Their self-evident satisfaction, even more than the laughter of the grandchildren or the lazy conversation of the sun-bathing house guests beside the pool, is the clearest proof and truest reflection of the happiness of Antenor and Beatriz Patiño.

DOMESDAY BOOK, MAGNA CARTA, WILL'S WILL, ETC.

By Kate Simon

Not far from Fleet Street in London, on Chancery Lane, or Chauncery, or Chauncerie, or Chancelar, or Chancerie, or, for a time, New Street—possibly to put an end to the vagaries of Elizabethan spelling—there stands a Victorian Gothic pile, the Public Record Office.

The records there are not of current and recent years (those are kept in another, more authentically antique pile, Somerset House) but documents that go back and back, far enough back to shape the matrix in which are embedded the crude stones of English and consequently American law and early designs of government; pen strokes that enhanced or diminished personages and pen strokes that affected the lives of anonymous multitudes, in the British Isles and the Continent, in the New World, in Asia, in Africa.

The gems of the collection are kept in the Public Record Office Museum which sounds a first sonorous note of antiquity in its vestibule, where the Domesday Chest stands. In this ancient coffer, first in the Palace of Westminster, then in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, the Domesday Book and other records and treasures were kept. It had three different locks, each controlled by its own key, each key held by one official, and it was only by consent of all three guardians that the chest could be opened.

Beyond the vestibule and its elderly, bent postcards of momentous documents, is the Museum proper, housed in a chapel that, in an early version, witnessed a singular chapter of London history. In 1232, the site and house, which belonged to a Jew, were usurped by Henry III.

There the King built a house for converted Jews and a church for them, the chapel to be used for the records of chancery. "Whereby it came to pass, that in short time there were gathered a great number of converts, which were baptized, instructed in the doctrine of Christ, and there lived under a learned Christian appointed to govern them; since which time, to wit, in the year 1290, all the Jews in England were banished out of the realm, whereby the number of converts in this place was decayed." (John Stow: The Survey of London, 1598.) In 1377, with the depletion of Jews, the house was ceded to the keeper of the rolls of chancery, the first master, whose name and shield appear on the stained glass of the chapel, now the Museum.

From neat cases on the sides of this chapel and in rows in the centre come the massed voices of the giants and the lesser, the ponderous documents and the minutiae that throw shafts of light to illumine their times. The earliest among the mighty ancients is the Domesday Book itself (called Doomsday because there was no appeal from this survey of properties), a census arranged by sworn inquest to collect taxes for William the Conqueror.

The results were readied and collated by the end of 1085 in two volumes, the larger covering more than thirty counties including "Bochinghamscire," "Oxenefordscire," "Cornualge," and a smaller volume that included "Exsessa," "Norfulc," and "Sudfolc." (Translations of items from these volumes are available for searchers of old properties or strength of lineage.)

Nearby is the monumental, rudimentary design for liberties civil and political, the Magna Carta, one of the five extant copies of the many that were sent to various parts of the country in 1215. The Plea Rolls of 1194 were the seeds from which grew the Court of Common Pleas, probably the ancestor of our lower courts; and the account rolls of the exchequer, as old as 1129, may be the first threads of the broad golden mesh of British finance that, for a long time, encircled the world.

The earliest parliamentary writs are dated 1272, and of a century later (1327 to 1460) there is a beautifully illuminated "Statutes of Parliament" scroll. Through the dense fog of time, light falls on Agincourt: a 1415 roll call of Welshmen at arms who fought in that battle.

While legal and financial and military systems were forming and pushing their way through early chaos, chunks of land and their mute tenants were moved from court to court as gifts or bribes, like caskets of jewels. A dourly illuminated piece of parchment with shining ornaments and a sketch of a tight little fortress-castle creates the principality of Aquitaine which Edward II (1284-1327) grants his eldest son, Edward, Prince of Wales. A curio of a later century, a chart of crudely drawn swans' heads, dated 1497 to 1504, shows all the beaks differently marked to designate who owned which swans, royal birds not available to any but those granted Royal Patent to keep them.

The willful, swollen shadow of Henry VIII sneers down at his mighty prince-prelate, Cardinal Wolsey—fallen from the King's grace because he was unable to wrest from the Pope the annulment that would put aside Katharine of Aragon and make Anne Boleyn queen—who begs

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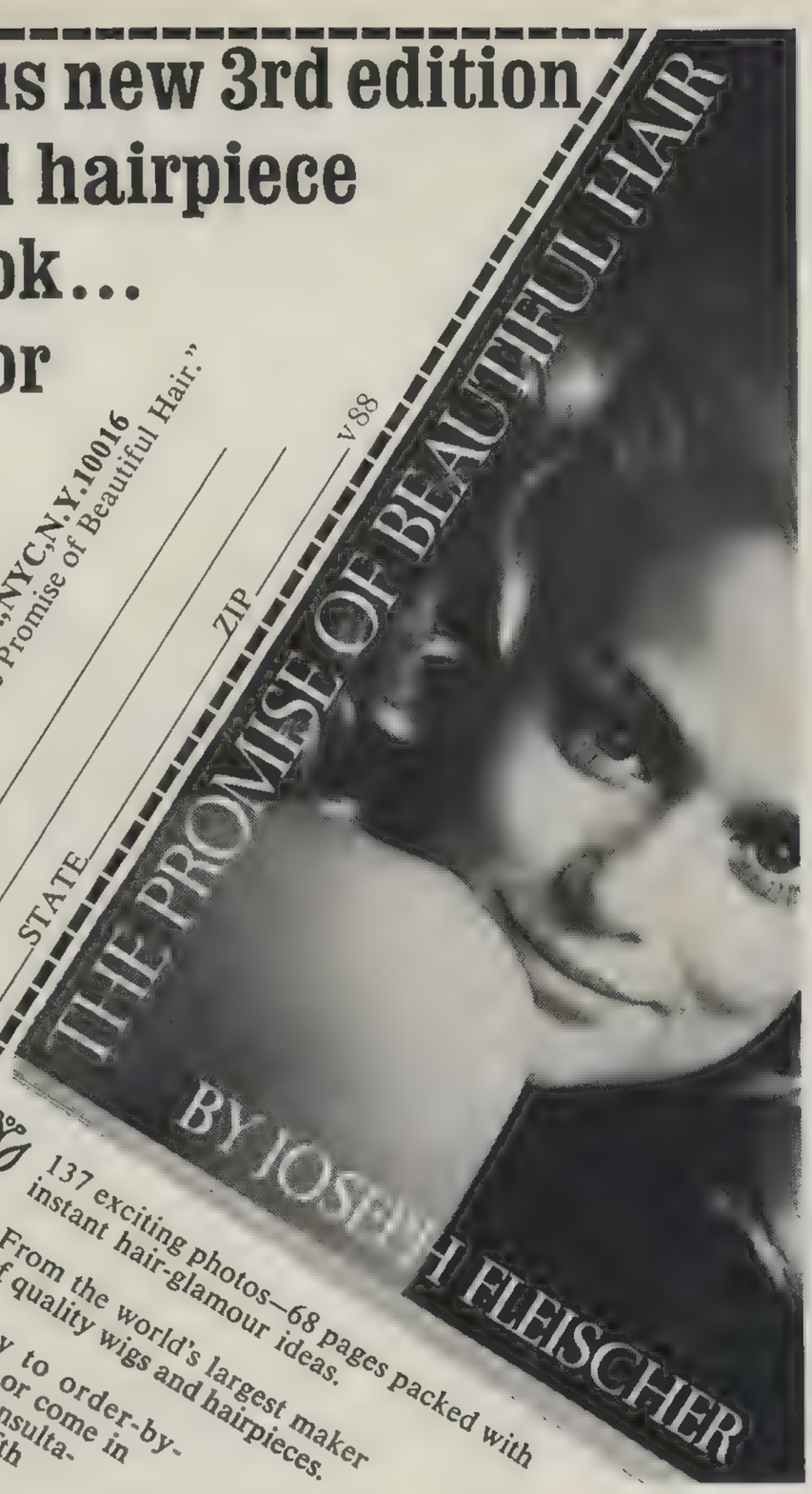
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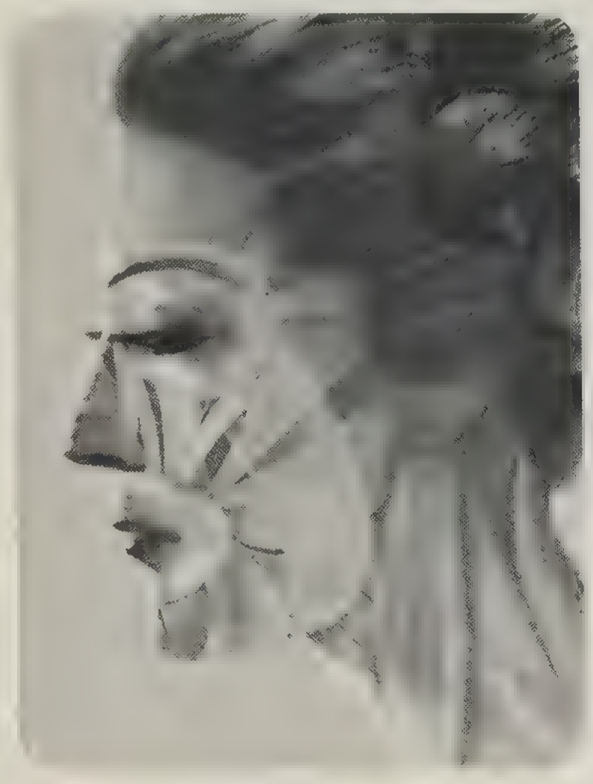
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Domesday Book

(Continued from page 143)

for mercy and pardon after his indictment. Of the later sixteenth century, the giant shadows of Mary, Queen of Scots, John Knox, Elizabeth I, and from her Golden Boy, the Earl of Essex, in disgrace for his failures in Ireland and perhaps in other ways grown offensive to the mercurial royal temperament, a graceful, ornate, grovelling note: "Hast(e) paper, to that happy presence whence only unhappy I am banished. Kiss thatt fayre correcting hand which layes new plasters to my lighter hurtes, butt to my greatest woond applyeth nothing. Say thou cummest from shaming, languishing, despayring S.X."

Catherine de' Medici is here on paper, and Henry of Navarre and Guy Fawkes. Richelieu congratulates Charles I of England on the birth of a son and heir to the throne. A letter dated 1762 from Catherine II of Russia advises George III that she has become the ruling head of all the Russias. Not far from the signatures of Marie Antoinette, Frederick the Great, Gladstone, and Burke, the bold gorgeous hand of Napoleon Bonaparte and letters from Florence Nightingale and Garibaldi, and Karl Marx signing in as a stockholder of the "Industrial Newspaper Company."

The wills display the signatures of Purcell, of Handel, of Lady Hamilton leaving her all to her daughter Horatia Nelson, and of William Shakespeare or Shakspeare (he signed both ways, in the comfortable, free-form spellings of his time). From the fact that he left most of his money and property to his daughter Susanna and her husband, deeding only his second-best bed to his wife, much has been made of the unsatisfactory marital life of a man whose biography is quite obscure. Something, though, can be fairly conjectured about Will and his wife from the position of the bed phrase. It seems to have been interlineated, as if the bequest of the bed had been entirely omitted and then, on nudging from daughter, or clerk, or wife, a reluctant afterthought line scratched in between two others.

Documents relating to the colonies are represented by a letter from George Washington to George III, most respectful and cordial. A round robin of signatures pledges a company of Walloons to emigrate and live in Virginia. The "Olive Branch Petitions," offered to George III by a group of Colonial moderates in 1775, asks for concessions, for improved solutions of the colonies' difficulties with the mother country, a last plea before the outbreak of the American Revolution.

In a neighbouring case, one major disappointment: the letter from David Livingstone describing his meeting with H. M. Stanley does not mention the famous phrase devised to stand for all English understatement, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

There is a graphologist's field day in the signatures of all of Henry VIII's wives, of the Richards, the Charleses, the Jameses, the Georges, of Queen Anne, of William and Mary, and those in numerous later royal hands to the signed Coronation Roll of Elizabeth II. In the centre cases tenuous threads reach back to some of their forebears and attach to the great seals and charters of early kings.

Large seals representing eighty-seven mediaeval barons were meant to be affixed to a letter to the Pope protesting that the King of England was not to submit to Rome in the matter of the dominion of Scotland. The letter, probably never sent, was already indicative, centuries before Henry VIII, of resistance to Papal rule. That resistance appears concrete and final in a

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Feet

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formation of course, but I'd say that ninety per cent of women's feet troubles are caused by wearing either too small a shoe, or too pointed a toe, or too high a heel. The pointed toe and the short shoe are the most frequent causes of corns and bunions, which are nature's angry defense against the pressure of restrictive footwear. The high heel is the worst offender of all to health. Any heel over two inches high wrecks the shock-absorbing function of the arch, throws the weight onto the metatarsal heads, jams the toes into the tips of the shoes and causes innumerable headaches and backaches.

"Three old wives' tales to be discarded," the chiropodist continued: "One is the myth that flat feet are painful and unhealthy. Many people, many athletes in particular, have extremely flat and extremely well-muscled feet. The majority of Negroes have much flatter, but much stronger feet than you and I do. Muscle tone is what counts, not the curvature of the arch. And the muscle tone of the flat foot can be strengthened, even by adults, by various exercises. The simplest exercise is to rise on tiptoe twenty or thirty times a day, in one session. Another myth to be discarded is that of 'breaking in' a shoe. Shoes must be comfortable from the start, there should be a half inch space beyond the biggest toe, and your toe should not hit the tip of the shoe even if you are walking downhill. Another old wives' tale —let's call it a new wives' tale, since it's a modern idea—is that the best thing for your feet is to go barefoot. Going barefoot is fine, but only on the right surfaces: sand, grass, indoor carpeting. It is *not* recommended to go barefoot on hard surfaces, such as cement or gravel. There's too much incidence of infection, and it's too much of a shock on the feet."

The chiropodist looked thoughtful, and added: "What really has to be revolutionized is women's attitudes towards their feet. When women accept the fact that a foot can be both large and pretty, that's when they'll start having healthy feet. Until that time comes, they'll walk into my office saying, 'My feet are killing me,' and I'll answer, 'Your feet aren't killing you, you're killing your feet!' "

Since so much blame is put on women's vanity, we asked an orthopaedic surgeon why it is that some men develop bunions, too. And when is bunion surgery justified? The surgeon immediately focused on a native deformation of the foot which is not caused by vanity:

"There is a certain type of foot structure that is predisposed to bunions. It is referred to as Morton's Foot after the late Dr. Dudley Morton. This is a foot in which the great toe is shorter than the second toe. This structure undermines the basic balance of the foot. Normally we bear weight on three points . . . the heel, the under surface of the first toe, and the under surface of the fifth. When the first toe is smaller than the second, then it doesn't bear its fair share of the work: the strain is placed under the other metatarsals and this leads to breakdown of the metatarsal arch and a host of other problems, such as bunions—which are just an overgrowth of bone on the inner side of the great toe in response to pressure.

"Most of us do not operate on feet for purely cosmetic reasons but there are cases of patients who simply can not be comfortable in any pair of shoes, and then a bunion operation is justifiable. There are a lot of myths about bunion operations. Many who come here expect to be in a cast for months afterwards, but that's a very outdated practice which we have given up. A bunion operation is quite painful for the first three days after surgery. After that the pain is dramatically reduced. Five or six days after surgery I have my patient walking around in a special sandal. The only major problem about bunion surgery is that most women can not wear a closed shoe for about three months. There is a cutting of the veins involved in this operation which causes a temporary deficiency of circulation. It takes about three months for the swelling to go away and for the patient to get into a closed shoe."

Although he is used to treating chronic, severe, structural deformations, this surgeon emphasized, along with all the other authorities we talked to, the importance of the proper fit of shoes. "Where women get into trouble is that, for vanity's sake, they take the narrower pair rather than the wider pair of shoes. They say to themselves, or the salesman says to them: 'Oh you'll wear the shoe in.' Well, you may wear the shoe in, but meanwhile you're wearing your feet out. Benjamin Franklin said that women age from the head down . . . I disagree. They age from their feet up."

Over the centuries the original protective function of footwear, like the protective function of hats, became secondary to its rôle as a status of rank and of wealth. When Caravaggio painted the Virgin barefoot, three centuries ago, there was an uproar—he had broken an important aesthetic convention. An aristocratic idealization had always been demanded of images of the Virgin and of all women of rank. Bare feet, until very recently, continued to connote poor, lower-class people. The mode for naked feet that has swept the young generation is the most comfortable reverse snobbism of the century.

The contemporary fashion for stripped sandals on the street, naked feet at home, feet bared on boats and beaches, is not only healthy but democratic. The satiny, lithe, emancipated foot is an ideal attainable by all women, a matter of grooming rather than of spending. The best inspiration might be to take a studied look at the feet depicted in the first democracy, the sleek, vigorous feet of women in Greek sculpture.

More concrete advice on foot care, gathered from doctors and from women with beautiful feet —mostly sandal-footed Italians:

A medical authority advises us to purchase shoes towards the end of the afternoon, when our feet are swollen, to ensure the best fit.

A veteran hiker reports that Austrian mountain climbers soak their feet for ten minutes a day in a solution of fluffy tannic acid powder and water. This "tans" them, makes them impervious to bruises and callouses.

An exercise expert active with the New York City Ballet Company says that most women help to ruin their feet by a wrong way of *walking*. Proper walking includes a pulled-up diaphragm, easy shoulders, a natural foot turnout of fifteen to twenty degrees. She describes the ideal walk: "Stride out, reach forward from the buttocks, roll through the ball of the foot . . . get a feeling of floating."

Another medical source advises us never to wear the same shoes two days in a row. Shoes must be allowed to dry out for forty-eight hours.

Callouses and ingrown toenails are as easily caused by too short a stocking as by too short a shoe. The stocking must be a half inch longer than the big toe.

A daily dosage of talcum powder is as essential to foot care as brushing is to hair care.

The most efficient relief for very tired feet or poor circulation is not the familiar "tepid foot bath," but *alternating* hot and cold foot baths.

An Italian beauty rubs a half-lemon over her feet twice a week to keep the skin white and fine-pored.

Another lady famous for beautiful feet keeps them nourished with daily massages of ordinary baby oil . . . still another uses a special formula Nivea cream enriched with hormones which she has made up at a New York pharmacy.

The head of a large model agency, well known for her good grooming, uses a daily routine of 1) pumicing her feet, 2) pushing the cuticle back with an orange stick, 3) massaging with a camphored cream.

Two more exercises for lithe, muscled feet prescribed by an orthopaedist: 1) Toss a handful of marbles on your bedroom carpet. Pick them up with your toes. 2) Drape a towel over a bulky telephone book. Sit in a chair, your feet planted firmly on the telephone book with your toes over the edge. Practise trying to pick up the towel with your toes. This is the best use, according to this doctor, that any telephone book can be put to.

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Vogue's Prix de Paris is a career competition for college seniors, class of '69.

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To Enroll: read the Prix de Paris rules on the opposite page. Then, on a postal card or in a letter, send to the Prix de Paris Director, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, full details on the following points: 1. Your name. 2. Your college. 3. Your address at college (street, city, state, zip code). 4. Your home address (street, city, state, zip code). 5. Date of graduation (month, year). 6. Degree you will receive. Please number your answers. Sign your card or letter. Mail this information in so that it arrives at Vogue no later than October 21, 1968.

To Compete: complete the quiz on the opposite page and send your paper to the Prix de Paris Director by October 21, 1968, at the very latest. If you qualify after this quiz, you will be notified that you are eligible for the final thesis.

Prix de Paris Quiz

Answer ALL questions in this section.

1. Write a profile of yourself. (500 words or less)

2. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera. If you think it relevant, name specific products used. (400 words or less)

3. Describe three things in your present wardrobe that you love to own, love to wear. Then choose three fashions shown in August 1 Vogue that you would urge next year's seniors to own and wear; state briefly the reasons for your choices. (200 words or less)

Answer THREE questions in this section.

4. Select three names you think would be right for the full-page photograph and caption for Vogue's "People Are Talking About..." feature. Write appropriate captions explaining who each person is, why he or she is of current interest. (300 words or less)

5. What person in public life, or in your own private circle of friends, has had the greatest influence on your fashion point of view? Explain why and how. (300 words or less)

6. In each issue, Vogue turns an editorial "Spotlight" on some of the following fields: Books, Movies, Theatre, Television, Art, Pop Music, The Underground, Money, Education. Write your own column of timely commentary on one of these topics. (500 words or less)

7. You are a copywriter assigned to prepare a fashion advertisement for a store to run in its local newspaper. Select any fashion from the editorial pages of August 1 Vogue as the one to be advertised, and designate the page on which it appears. Write a headline for the advertisement and appropriate copy.

Prix de Paris Rules

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1968-1969, but prior to September 1969, and must receive the Bachelor of Arts degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must submit the following enrollment details by October 21, 1968: name, college, address at college, home address, date of graduation, degree.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six-months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 28th Prix de Paris consists of a quiz to be answered by all contestants, and a thesis which those who pass the quiz will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by December 16, 1968.

6. Quiz and thesis will require answers to questions on fashion and beauty, and on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The quiz appears here. Answers are due on October 21, 1968. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the January 1, 1969 issue of Vogue. The thesis will be due on February 3, 1969. Although questions in the quiz and thesis are editorial in nature and are based in part on material in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on 8½ by 11 inch paper. Your name, plus the quiz question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. Please number each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned. (Entrants are urged to keep copies of all material submitted.)

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting winners. Winners of Vogue's 28th Prix de Paris will be notified by April 14, 1969.

Crisis

(Continued from page 89)

Vicariously, everyone comes to grips with crisis in biographies, novels, and journalism. Dickens operated with a set of amazingly crisis-prone characters, and one can point to Peggotty and Aunt Betsy Trotwood as agents of crisis intervention; then, too, there was David's terrific capacity for "using the people around him to help him live." . . . In a recent Nicholas Blake (C. Day-Lewis) mystery, two men—one husband, one lover—mourn the death of a young woman; curiously it is the husband, an old IRA man gone soft, whose ego-strength carries the lover, a man given to over-intellectualizing and not given to venting deep emotions. . . . Walter Kerr, *The New York Times* Sunday drama critic, might well have been summing up the way to take crisis when he wrote not long ago, "All men feel pain, and most deal with it by crying. Crying gets you credit for the pain and helps relieve it. . . . Make a supercilious joke of your suffering and you have kept it cruelly at home."

Domesday Book

(Continued from page 144)

valuation of bishoprics, monasteries, and other ecclesiastical holdings in England and Wales, prepared in 1535 for transfer to the Crown.

In the faded sepia of old ink, one can read the affidavit of a constable who apprehended one of the rescuers of a Thomas Jones, the paper signed by the Justice of the Peace, Henry Fielding, shortly before his book appeared. Sailing Master William Bligh reports the mutiny on the "Bounty" and his subsequent 3,600-mile journey in an open boat. Sir Francis Drake records a victory over the Spanish Armada.

The muster book of HMS "Bellerophon" lists among its prisoners Napoleon Bonaparte. Darwin accepts the job of naturalist, at no pay, aboard the "Beagle." Rubens and Van Dyke and Inigo Jones wrote letters to royal patrons and to friends, and some of them found their way here, as did letters of Boswell, Steele, Byron, Shelley, Scott, and Milton, Sir Francis Bacon and Ben Jonson; here, too, are Sir Philip Sidney's last letter, written the day before he died of a battle wound, and the writ that describes the death of Christopher Marlowe of a dagger blow in a tavern on the raffish river front of Deptford.

The enormous spread of testaments to the bounty of English literature encompasses also a 1603 warrant from James I ordering that letters patent be issued to a group of actors, among them William Shakespeare, to perform at the Globe Theatre when the plague had abated. And it reaches back in time to include the earliest piece of English printing, an indulgence issued in 1476 to a London couple of means who had contributed to a late crusade against the Turks.

And there is a piece of pale writing of 1378, informing that G. Chaucer, Comptroller of the Wool Quay of the Port of London, appoints a deputy to carry on until his (Chaucer's) return to London, that is very probably in Chaucer's hand, because the job was given the poet on the condition that he keep records in his own hand, the practised hand, not common in his time, of an educated man who wrote much.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

New bonnet for busy beauties

However unlikely it sounds, the busiest women are most often the best cared for. Suspected reason: their very busybodyness helps them nose out what aids their good looks—and quickly. The new General Electric Fashion Mist hair dryer is a case in point. It's a regular hair dryer on the one hand. On the other, it's a whiz at doing a dry set in seventeen minutes. This, via a misting unit that takes any kind of water, does its good penetrating steam work in seven minutes, shuts off automatically and lets the dryer take over for ten minutes. The unit is detachable for spot touch-ups; the one droopy curl, the too-flat-on-top problem. It's a matter of being inventive enough to find the inventions that help you along a faster road to continuous good looks. . . .

Tote that tiger

The theory concocted ages ago about perfumes is this: a scent should match a woman's personality to be effective. And once a woman found her match, it should be the single and forever item on her dressing table. We don't believe that for one minute. For instance, there is a scent from Fabergé that the more bashful cats wouldn't have courage enough to wear all the time . . . just when they felt particularly dramatic and a little wild. It's Tigress, a grrrreat modern floral blend with unusual body and balance. When this Tigress backs off, it does so in harmony—doesn't leave one additive coming off stronger than the others. Now Fabergé offers a variation on the Tigress theme—a large vinyl tote full of cologne, perfume oil spray, bath powder, and soap. Contents gone, tote becomes a carry-all. At the moment you decide it suits the trace of feline in your soul.

News so fresh you'll blush

The youth-glow today is not just effortless happenstance. Breezy, off-handedly healthy good looks are generally a matter of time and skill. Cover Girl has long contributed to that skill with their particularly natural line, and continues the good work with new Brush-On Blushers in three Natural-type shades: N. Pink, N. Peach, N. Blush. These liked best when used all over the face. Not just cheeks but forehead, chin, ears. Liked better because of their Noxzema medication, the additive with all sorts of good-for-your-skin ingredients (and liked in *all* Cover Girl inventions). Whatever the age or stage of your skin, it seems a good idea to pamper the youth-glow with any of Cover Girl's products. New makeup foundation and powder shades have been added to make it all more selectable, more delectable for pretty, natural-looking skin. (More Ready Beauty, page 18.)

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 84 to 85; other views, yardages, details)



7383

Above: The nine-tenths dress in dark-brown velvet dazzled with gold galloon—Vogue Pattern 7383. "Easy to Make." Sizes 8 to 16. For size 12 dress: 3⅝ yards of 39/40″ fabric with nap. The trim at the hemline requires 1⅝ yards; trim on the sleeves ⅝ yd. $2. In Canada, $2.20.



7384
7445

Above: Velvet gaucho culottes—Vogue Pattern 7384. Sizes 8-16. Pattern also includes skirt and shirt. For size 12 culottes: 3⅜ yds. of 39/40″ fabric with nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20. Velvet shirt—Vogue Pattern 7445. Sizes 8-16. Size 12: 2¾ yds. of 39/40″ fabric with nap. Trim on collar and cuffs: 1⅞ yds. $1. In Canada, $1.10.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

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